

Nine to five. by Fanflick

Series: [Sugar Daddy Billy \[1\]](#)

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Summary:

Steve knew that everything would ultimately come to this, working for his father at a boring office job. It wasn't easy being an omega in hiding, especially now since Steve's boss is the arrogant alpha Billy Hargrove. Now Steve has to work alongside his high school rival while also trying to save enough money to get away from his father. How hard can that be?

1. The start

Steve knew that everything would ultimately come to this, working for his father at a boring office job. He understood that without his father's connection he would never make it in New York.

Don't get him wrong, Steve tried to live on his own right after high school. He told his father that he could make it through college and get his degree without him. However, life as an omega in hiding was much tougher than Steve could of ever imagined, most of his money went towards his suppressants. Money that should of gone to groceries, furniture, or college tuition had to paid for his artificial beta scents.

Yes, King Steve was actually an omega and not a cocky beta. The moment his father found out about his true identify, that was the moment Steve's world was chained by his suppressants. Expensive suppressants that Steve never had to think about until he started living on his own.

Only a handful of people knew what Steve really was, and Steve wanted to keep it that way. Nancy herself was an omega and understood why Steve never wanted anyone to find out.

Life as an omega meant two things, that they would be housewives or always seen lower than alphas. Even though omegas birthed the children of the world, they were seen as helpless or fragile. Steve didn't want to be labeled as such, especially when his father loath his status from the beginning.

His father didn't care what Steve wanted, he only saw him as a

stepping stone to unite powerful investors with alpha children. Only the most close-minded and old fashioned people believe in omegas bonding with alphas. People like his father believed in those type of ideals, but knew it would be troublesome for Steve to be openly an omega if he wanted a job at the company.

Nowadays it didn't matter to most people if an omega was with a beta or even another omega. The same went for the other species, it was up to person if they wanted to stay in that particular relationship or not. Steve however knew that the men who worked for Wall Street were mostly egotistical alphas looking for a pretty omega to bed, and wouldn't try with any other species.

There seemed to be an idea that having a male omega as your partner was a sign of pure power, male omegas were definitely rare and special in multiple ways compare to the female counterpart.

Male omegas when bonded would have a sex drive equal to their partner, and would absolutely remain loyal to their partners no matter what happened. The idea of being with someone who openly cheated and somehow staying with them made Steve want to vomit. Therefore, Steve knew he had to hide his true sex if he wanted to live a carefree life.

For a few years now, Steve has worked his ass off in dish washing, hosting, and even waiting tables. Trying to save up money to pay for schooling, but he could barely made ends met. His mother would call him once a month to beg him to take the job and let them take care of him.

Yet, every time she tried to convince him Steve would tell her that he loves her before hanging up. Going back to work for his father would

be the end of everything Steve worked so hard for. Every morning he washed himself in beta scented soap, wondering how long it will take before he cracked.

Billy Hargrove on the other hand was having the time of his life, as an alpha he knew he had it easy in life. Straight after high school he got out of the house from his abusive dad. Neil always told him that he would never make it in the real world, but Billy punched his lights out before leaving.

Instead of driving straight to California, Billy decided to go on a little road trip now that he was free. He went East until he found himself in New York City and somehow snagged a job at Wall Street.

It took a while, but eventually Billy made it to the top of the food chain. He was more aggressive than the other alphas on the floor, and could charm his way into anything. Being a New York stockbroker came easy to him, and for a while he was happy about all the money he was making.

Still, some nights he would sit near the fireplace with his aged bourbon that cost a small fortune and drink. He pondered on what would of happened if he drove to California instead. Would he have his mullet instead of the yuppie hairstyle he wore now? Would he wear his tightest jeans with his jacket or the tailored suit he owned today?

He glanced around the room, it felt all too materialistic and modern. He never been one for relationships, the girls he have been with were good for fucking and nothing else. Every night he had another beautiful omega in his bed, but he wasn't looking for anything serious.

In the morning he will unceremoniously kick them out without even taking a sip of his morning coffee, he had no time for their feelings. Then he will start the day with his personal work out and facial regiment before heading off to work. Evening were filled with going to the newest clubs, smoking cigars, and picking up women. He had everything he could possibly wish for, but still this emptiness filled him.

Somewhere in the back of his head, he knew he wanted a family of his own. With children he would protect and a partner to reassure him that he picked the right path in life. However, he shrugged it off assuming that idea was created by society to fit in with everyone else. Billy never needed anyone, he was fine on his own.

The day Steve called his father was the day he got mugged downtown on his way to work. Luckily, the robber only wanted his wallet and nothing else. Steve didn't know who else to call other than his mother, who instantly broke down and begged Steve to come home.

Steve remembered the fear that filled him when he was pulled into a grimy alleyway, the way he smelled repulsive alpha as he was thrown to the wall. He wondered what would of happened if he died that day, alone without anyone walking around taking notice. That was the exact moment when Steve agreed to take the job in New York with his father, or so he thought.

Turns out the three years that Steve was gone, his father lost his once high position in the company. He made decent amount of money, however he couldn't exactly offer Steve the same job when he first got out of high school.

"Either you take the job or go back to living in a shack." His father warned him, and without anything to lose Steve accepted. He was going to be the secretary of a William Thompson.

A man who rumor has it, slept with almost all of his previous female secretaries. The only reason why Steve got the position out of multiple girls was the fact that he was a male beta, and Steve wondered if he made the right decision.

Steve moved into a small studio apartment his parents are paying, definitely better than his previous living situation. It is closer to the company building, and the hottest nightclubs. All the Wall Street alphas loved to live it big at those types of joints, and some even force their secretaries to come along in case they suddenly need something.

Steve heard that Mr. Thompson demands perfection from his secretary and compared to other stockbrokers will fire any on the spot. They have to always arrive on time, double-check his memos and remind him before noon. Turns out the secretaries that he didn't sleep with, lost their jobs when they couldn't meet with his expectations.

Steve wondered what he got himself into as he got ready in the morning, he poured a cup of coffee as he read the morning paper. He already picked out an old suit that he wore during his parents parties, and the good news was that it fit him well. However, it looked a little dated compared the the suits businessmen had.

He hoped that his new boss would go easy on him during his first day, but knew that probably won't be the case. Even though Steve is horrible at essays, he is a fast note taker and great at reminding

people. He looked outside his window and knew that once he made enough money, he would go back to getting his degree.

All of a sudden for a second or two he wondered how Dustin was doing, he should be in his junior year now. The last letter he got from him was in May and as September chilled the air, he wondered if Dustin forgot about him. Steve sighed to himself, he felt his maternal instincts grow whenever he worried about Dustin or the gang.

In his last letter, Dustin gushed about a pretty beta in his class and wondered if Steve found someone special in his life yet. Steve huffed at the idea, he had a career to focus and not relationships. The last long term relationship he had was with Nancy, and she broke his heart to be with Jonathan. Steve was fine though since he could handle everything on his own, right?

Billy shaved his face that morning, he knew he had a long day ahead of him. Today he was getting another secretary, and Billy looked forward to his usual game. He would charm her with his flirtation then quickly get into her pants. He had a record of how fast he was able to bed his secretaries, he wanted to beat it within the first four hours.

He liked them blonde, tall, and wearing red lipstick. Personally it didn't matter if the girl was omega or not, as long as she was pretty enough then she was good. Carol, his last secretary, got fired after they got caught fucking on his desk. He got a pat on his back while she probably will never work anywhere near Wall Street again. The world is a unfair to say the least, but he shouldn't complain.

He grabbed a cup of coffee at a local cafe, it was pretentious of course, but he had a reputation to hold. He made it to his office five

minutes before he had to start, and there stood Mr. Harrington waiting to welcome him. A year ago Billy became his boss, and he had no doubt the man was a complete jackass.

"Morning Mr. Thompson! How are you doing this beautiful morning?" The asshole asked as Billy opened his glass office door. Billy swiftly took off his jacket before sitting down to listen to whatever bullshit spewed out of the man. Today he seemed extra nervous as he started talking.

"Ah, well I have your new secretary outside. Let me call him in so you can met him." Mr. Harrington explained as Billy took a sip of his coffee. "Him? You got a man to work as my secretary? Were you even thinking or did you have you head so far up your own ass you didn't hear me say I wanted a female secretary?" Billy spat out as Mr. Harrington quickly signaled someone to come into the room.

"Well, I know you said female-" Mr. Harrington tried to explain before Billy interrupted him, "Then why did you get me a fucking male secretary?" Billy wasn't looking forward this at all, he loved how sex relieved his stress during the work day. If Billy can't fuck her then what is the point?

Then Steve walked into the office, Billy stopped his rant as he laid eyes on the previous 'King Steve' from high school. Steve hasn't changed much with his lean frame and voluminous hair that Billy just wanted to yank.

"Holy shit, is that you Billy?" Steve spoke up, and his father smacked him behind his head, "His name is Mr. Thompson young man!" Billy couldn't believe this, he smirked before sliding his tongue over from front teeth.

"This is my son, Steve, and he needs a job. Look, sir if you don't want him to work for you, I understand. He is lazy, selfish, irresponsible, an-" Mr. Harrington started to spout before Billy spoke over him, "He's hired and he starts today."

"What? I thought you wanted a female se-" Mr. Harrington was interrupted again, "Steve and I go way back, don't we King Steve? I am happy to get him a job here at the company. Now if you excuse me Mr. Harrington, I would like you to leave so I can get your son up to speed with everything." Billy explained as he watched Steve pull at his tie, feeling uncomfortable at Billy's direct eye contact.

Steve and Billy definitely weren't friends, in fact Steve thought Billy hated his guts. Senior year Steve met Billy who like most alphas wanted to be king of the school. Steve didn't care about labels, but for some reason Billy couldn't seem to leave Steve alone. The last time he saw Billy was at graduation, and he wasn't this neat and presentable.

Without the terrible mullet, Steve noticed the piercing blue eyes he had. He wore his suit with confidence that made Steve wonder if Billy was always this alluring. He stopped himself from thinking about Billy once his father walked out of the room, he hated how good he looked after three years.

"Look at you now, begging for a job from your piece of shit father. This is going to be fun." Billy sneered as he stood up from his desk to walk to Steve. He was absolutely ripped under the suit, Steve hated how long and lanky he seemed in comparison.

Even though the walls in the office were made from glass, blinds were built in case Billy felt like fucking on his desk. He crowded Steve and backed him into the wall. "Pretty boy got nothing to say after all these years, huh?" Billy taunted as he whispered into his ear.

Steve remembered how nervous his father was when he ordered Steve to not get on his bad side, or else they both could lose their jobs.

"Good morning, Mr. Thompson. Would you like me to remind you that you have a meeting in ten minutes?" Steve answered as he glanced at the clock and gently pushed Billy away from him.

Billy cursed to himself, as he realized he wasn't prepared to sit through another boring meeting. Steve walked over to his desk, picked up a folder and handed it him. "Here is the highlights of what you will go over, and how the stocks are doing as of right now."

His new boss flipped open the folders to read the papers in his hands, "How did you know?" He pondered aloud before Steve answered, "This morning I looking into how the stocks were doing and I studied what meetings you had this week. If you need anything else, I'll be at my desk outside." Steve then walked out of the room and got situated at his new desk.

Billy peeked at him through the blinds and watched him type into his computer and pull out a planner. Billy had no idea Harrington was up to the challenge, but liked what he was seeing. Steve was the first boy to make Billy question everything he knew, and he looked forward to having him around.

When Billy first heard of the infamous 'King Steve' he instantly knew he had to dominate him in everything, but that was before he actually laid eyes on him. Tommy pointed him out while he marched down the halls his first day, and Billy was surprised to say the least.

Steve was way too pretty to be in charge of the school, with his bright smile and soft features. Billy swore he looked like an omega, but when he got closed enough to smell him he found out he was actually a beta.

"Too bad, would of been perfect." Billy thought after Steve ignored him to go after his girlfriend at the Halloween party. He hated himself for thinking of such a thought, he couldn't allow himself to act on his gut feeling at the time.

Even as he sat through another meeting where he charmed investors, Billy couldn't help but think about Steve. The rich beta who somehow ruled the school before Billy arrived was now his little secretary.

Billy comprehended that he liked omegas, but all of them were female. Billy has never even met a male omega before in his life, and never felt anything towards another man until he saw Steve. Either way he had a reputation to uphold and falling for beta Steve would ruin it. Still, that didn't mean Billy couldn't have some fun with his new secretary.

Once he finished the tedious meeting, Billy made sure to make Steve get a coffee for him. Staring out of the window he watched Steve run out to the nearest coffee shop to get his latte. This sense of power over Steve aroused Billy, and knew tonight he was going to pound into the nearest girl as soon as he got off of work.

It took about fifteen minutes give or take before Steve comes to hand him his coffee, Billy is surprised it didn't take him longer. Steve seemed slightly out of breath, but tried to play it off like he wasn't going to vomit any moment now.

Now Billy thought he was going to have a nice laugh at seeing Steve looking ill, but he felt upset with himself that he forced him to exert himself. "Is that all, sir?" Steve silently huffed out as Billy nodded, he hated how agitated Steve looked.

He didn't want Steve to think of him as an asshole, so without thinking it through he asked him, "Are you free for lunch? I know this new place a couple of blocks away." Steve stood there for a bit trying to understand what Billy was playing at, but then realized he didn't bring a sack lunch like he originally planned.

"Sure, if you are paying." Steve shrugged as he crossed his arms. He already lost his pride when he took this job, he had nothing to lose. Billy bite his lips as he tried to conceal his relief at Steve taking his amends, he knew the perfect place to impress Steve.

"If I had to go on by the state of your suit I would assume I had to pay. I'll swing by your desk around noon so we can go." Billy joked as Steve rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah I know it looks terrible. It's the only suit I got." Steve mumbled the last part, but Billy heard it.

"Then how about after lunch I get you a new suit to celebrate your new job. I can't have my secretary looking so unfortunate." Billy blurted out in a half joke and half serious way. Steve slightly confused answered before leaving the room with, "It's your money

man, that's up to you."

When noon rolled around Billy stood up and thought, "You got this, there's nothing to be worried about. Just two colleagues going out for lunch then looking into suits. Just normal and average thing to do for a Tuesday."

Billy strolled up to Steve's desk, winking at nearby secretaries before standing before the man. Steve seemed to be in the zone as he answer phone call after phone call and flipping through the planner to correctly set up the dates for upcoming events.

"Debra, we both know Mr. Carrington isn't at his best on Monday. So for now let's move the date up to Wednesday. Great, I'll remind Mr. Thompson. Oh no, thank you Debra." Steve hanged up the phone and finished writing it down as Billy waltzed up to his desk.

"Busy, aren't we? Come on, grab your coat." Billy winked, trying to put his best face forward. "Yeah, and so are you next week. Mr. Wilson asked if you are up tonight for drinks at Carla's at seven." Steve explained as he slipped his jacket on.

"He should know by now, you'll tell him later. I hope you like seafood." Billy scoffed to himself as he lead Steve out of the building. Walking for about fifteen minutes, Steve and Billy had some small talk before reaching the restaurant.

The hostess, a blonde omega, instantly smiled at the both of them. "Hello, welcome to The Blue Window. Table for two?" She wore red lipstick, high heels, and pulled her blonde hair in a high ponytail. She

is everything Billy likes, but for some reason Billy feels no need to seduce her.

He rather put his attention to Steve, and as they sit down skimming the menu Billy wondered if something was wrong for him. Steve on the other hand is enjoying how much Billy has changed. Yes he is still assertive, but he isn't trying to get under Steve's skin like before.

"It's nice how you don't bash my face in, Mr. Thompson." Steve commented after they ordered drinks. Billy rolled his eyes, "That was three years ago, and I thought you were doing something weird with my sister. You are lucky she saved you, King Steve." Billy sighed as he brushed his hands through his hair.

"Yeah, looking back on that it wasn't the best moment for you catching me in a lie. She said you were going to kill them so I had to do something," Steve scratched his face as he watched Billy's reaction. "You were terrifying to them, especially when you tried to fight Lucas. Let's leave the past in the past. I am glad you are doing well, Mr. Thompson." Steve explained himself as he shoved some buttered bread in his mouth.

Billy smiled to himself as he watched Steve stuff his mouth with bread, it was nice to have a decent conversation with Steve. "You know you can call me Billy when we are out of the office." Billy wasn't that angry anymore, he put all of his rage into his job and other night activities.

"Okay Billy, but you better stop calling me King Steve." Steve sighed, wondering where their waitress was. "No more King Steve, huh? Then how about princess?" Billy joked, laughing before noting the flustered look on Steve's face. All of the things he had said to Steve in high

school had never gotten him this kind of reaction before.

Then the waitress came back, setting down Billy's whiskey and Steve's Pepsi, ready to take their orders. Billy automatically ordered for the both of them, two lobster risotto and two swordfish entrees. Steve secretly felt glad, he had no idea what to order at this unique to say the least restaurant.

"So, why Mr. Thompson rather than Mr. Hargrove? Wanted to sound more professional or..." Steve waited for answer, Billy sighed as he gulped down his drink. "It was my mother's maiden name, nothing else." Billy confessed as he gestured to a waiter nearby to refill his drink.

"Well, either way it is good that at least one of us is happy with their life." Steve mumbled as he sipped his soda. Billy forced himself to not laugh in Steve's face, and instead said, "What? You don't like being my secretary, princess?"

Steve glared at the nickname, but explained, "No way in Hell did I want to work in an office! I am only doing this until I have enough money to support myself and my dream." Billy pondered to himself how long would that take, after time is up he would never see Steve again.

"Your dream?" Billy questioned as their food arrived, once they were left alone Steve started to talk. "Yeah, I really want to go to college and work in education. However, I need to get certified and a license at least if I am really serious. I just never had any time with working as a waiter then getting mugged," Steve slipped out as he chowed down.

"Wait, you got mugged?" Billy spoke up, feeling his blood boil at the idea. "Yeah, happened last week. An disgust alpha, no offense, dragged into the alleyway with a gun. He took all the money I had, and so I called my parents. Now I am here." Steve shrugged as recalled the events.

Billy gulped down his next whiskey, and tried to calm down. He didn't like how he imagined the look of Steve's face, or the fact that another slimy alpha put his hands on him. Steve wondered if Billy usually drank liquor like water, but decided not to ask, he had food to eat.

They ate in silence for a while until Billy's mannerisms got Steve to worry. "The fish is good, really good actually. It's nice, being here, um sitting here with you." Steve blurted the last part out. Still he noticed how Billy calmed down once he spoke, letting go of his intense grip on the glass.

"Good, cause we are going out to eat every lunch if I don't have plans." Billy decided. Steve frowned, "No, it's fine. I can bring a sandwich to work like everyone else."

"I am not having my secretary eat a sad excuse for a lunch. I already decided, and that's final." Billy commanded as he finished his fish. Steve rolled his eyes, but kept silent. He could always use a free meal, and the company wasn't so bad either.

He thought working at his father's company was the start of a horrible career, but for some reason felt like there was hope in the future. Billy Hargrove wasn't the same person who nearly killed him, he honestly changed for the better. Steve just hoped this feeling within him was only a crush and nothing more. Still, only time could

tell if Steve made the right choice in taking the job as Billy's secretary.

2. Paperclips.

Summary for the Chapter:

Steve and Billy grow close, but could certain ideas cause a strain on the relationship?

Notes for the Chapter:

Hopefully you enjoy this chapter! It was fun to write this and I will do my best to update between one to two weeks. Please comment what you think and leave a kudos to help encourage me. Thanks for taking the time to read my story, I am updating another Harringrove story so it does take a while for me to upload chapters.

The last time Steve got fitted for a suit was when he was seven years old, and that was because his mother wanted him to look better than all of the other children at his Aunt's wedding. He doesn't remember much, maybe crying in the fitting room from feeling pressure to wear the damn suit.

Back then it felt claustrophobic to be in the suit, but now Steve saw the true appeal of wearing a tailored suit. He looked at himself in the full length mirror, as Billy sat nearby talking to the tailor.

"That looks nice, but how about the pin stripe suit with a red tie? No, not the crimson. I think the cherry red would look good with his skin color." Billy huffed out while sipping on his dry martini.

Billy appeared in his element, leaning back in the leather club chair while his eyes never left Steve at all. He really appreciated how nicely the pants fitted Steve, especially around the rear.

"Don't you think this is a bit little too much? I really doubt anyone cares what your secretary wears." Steve chuckled to himself as he allowed the tailor to pin certain areas of the suit. Billy winked before Steve felt a sharp pain from being stabbed with the pin.

Personally Steve wouldn't admit it, but he let out a high yelp when the pin came into contact with his calf. Before he could even make a comment, Billy nearly jumped from his chair to grab the poor tailor by the collar.

"Watch it or else you are in deep shit!" Billy hissed out as the young beta muttered out an apology. "Not to me airhead, to him!" Billy pointed at Steve while keeping one hand on the young suit maker.

Steve placed his hand on Billy's shoulder, "It was an accident, take it easy." Steve instantly calmed Billy down, and an older needle worker stepped in to give them a discount on the suit.

"Is that right? Then, we will take six more suits in navy blue, grey, and black. Three in solid colors while the other three are with vertical white stripes. I also want your most popular ties, make sure they match." Billy took a step back and fixed his own suit jacket.

"Whoa, no I thought we were only getting one suit here. Plus shouldn't we head back? We have definitely spent all of our break time at the restaurant." Steve said, Billy turned to the more proficient tailor.

"I also want an Armani in grey, and I need them all before Friday rolls around." Billy explained as he looked at his watch. Steve was right of course, but Billy knew he could leave early. Even though he was known for being a workaholic, Billy just didn't want to go back today.

"Sir, that kind of order would take a little more than a week to accomplish." The knowledgeable worker explained. "I'll pay extra just put it on my card." Billy didn't care, he knew they could finish it if they tried hard enough.

Steve tugged on his arm after he handed over his card, Billy smirked to himself. "I need your phone real quick." He added as he noticed the frustrated look on Steve's face.

Billy told Steve's father he was getting off early, which meant that he had to do all the work for the rest of the day. Billy grinned to himself when he tried to persuade Billy to come back, but Billy had much better things to do.

"Did you really just got off early for this? I don't really need this many suits, Billy." Steve pouted and Billy knew he had it bad for the man.

"Don't worry about it, you need to look good. How about some accessories to go with your new suits?" Billy licked his lips as he got up close and personal with Steve. He loved the way Steve would look flustered and wondered if the blush went all the way down.

"Um, Sir? Your card." The moment was ruined when the clerk came

back. This interruption forced Billy pulled himself away, he hated how much he wanted Steve. Yet for some reason he always talk himself into helping Steve, as if his gut knew something his brain didn't.

The rest of the afternoon was filled with shopping at brand name stores. He got Steve a few Rolex watches, Burberry trench coats, and a Gucci briefcase. He didn't know why he wanted to treat Steve so much, but every time he bought something for Steve he felt this bliss that came from making a loved one happy.

Now, Billy was never know for his giving nature at all. Which made it more unusual to say the least that he liked giving Steve gifts. Maybe it was the way Steve's eyes would widen in awe or whenever Steve gasped out thanks for such expensive presents. Either way Billy was starting to get addicted to treating Steve to the finer things in life.

In the past, Billy never had enough money to buy tokens of love or appreciation to anyone. That wasn't a major issue since there wasn't any omegas he wanted to court or coax. If only the Billy from three years ago could see him now.

Billy took a moment to take a look at Steve, he hasn't changed a bit. He just had this aura of brilliance, and when he smiled at Billy it left him feeling breathless. Those eyes always warm and tender, compared to his past lovers who only looked at him with carnality and nothing else.

In the past, Billy saw great things in Steve even after he lost his popularity. Steve honestly cared about people, and wore his heart on his sleeve. No matter where he was, at a party or pep rally, Billy would always keep an eye out for Steve. He just brighten his day, and

now he was his secretary.

Steve himself wondered if Billy was always this charming, it made his inner omega rejoice. Steve is constantly in amazement of how handsome Billy is, from his sharp jawline to his dazzling blue eyes. He commanded the room and still somehow moved with graceful force.

Steve shook his head, he had to remind himself that this was his boss he was talking about. Steve shouldn't have a school girl's crush on his own employers, that's just wrong.

He needed this job, and flirting with his boss would definitely not help him keep it. The sun was already starting to set, and Steve pondered if he should end this shopping spree before more emotions started to emerge.

"Well, it's getting late. I should head home since we both know that tomorrow is a big day for both of us." Steve scratched his neck at the checkout. Somehow Billy convinced him to get face wash, aftershave, and moisturizer.

"Why don't I walk you up to your apartment? It gets pretty intense when the sun goes down, Steve." Billy offered as he brushed his shoulder against Steve's.

"Um, yeah sure. You can also help me put all of this stuff away, I really hope I got the space for it." Steve mumbled as he replied. He kinda wanted to show Billy his apartment, maybe have a little apartment warming party while he was at.

Billy got them a taxi and soon enough they were in front of Steve's apartment building. Billy felt fury when he saw it, thinking to himself, "This is where Mr. Harrington places his only son? That fucking slimy cockroach!"

Steve shyly allowed Billy into his studio apartment and offered him anything to drink. "Anything you are having is fine, pretty boy." Billy teased as he loosened his tie and unbuttoned the first couple of buttons.

"Hope you like cheap wine then." Steve grumbled under his breath as he tried to find the best wine he had to offer. He started to panic when he couldn't get the cork out of the bottle and ended up holding the bottle between his thighs as he popped it off.

Billy pretended he wasn't watching, but honestly loved Steve's thighs. Steve always had long legs that in certain, if not most, wet dreams had been wrapped around his waist. Billy tried not to ogle Steve when he was given his wine to drink.

"So, how are you liking your new living situation?" Billy asked as he sipped the surprisingly bitter red wine. Steve shrugged, "Well, it is definitely better than my last living situation. I mean at least there is no random gunshots in the middle of the night. Oh, and the heating works so that is great."

Billy wanted to strangle Mr. Harrington to death after hearing that, but also wondered about something else.

"Sounds like the perfect place to bring a chick or two." Billy joked, but personally really wanted an answer. "Yeah, that's a no. I had no time for that kind of stuff when I had to wait on table till two in the morning." Steve laughed as he gulped down his wine.

"Two in the morning, seriously?" Billy couldn't believe his ears, "Yup, and then work a shift at a different restaurant at like five." Steve sighed as he started to consider that all that time was for nothing, in the end he had to go crawling back to his father.

Billy noticed how bitter Steve looked, and it really troubled him. "Hey, it could be worse. At least now you work a nine to five job, and it probably pays more too." Billy spoke up with a smile.

"That's true and all, but it sucks you know? I worked my ass off to not work for my father." Steve grumbled into his drink. Billy bite his lips, "That's not true, you work for me now doll face."

Billy knew it was getting late, but he wanted to hang out with Steve longer. Still, he noticed how lovely Steve yawned after they finished their drinks. Therefore, Billy said goodnight and promised himself that he will convince Steve that he made the right choice in taking the job.

Secretly, Steve seemed to have dreams centered around children, from being pregnant to teaching kindergartners. His favorite was having his own child, without his front teeth, smile at him while handing him a picture. Steve vividly remembered the stick figure drawling of their family, with "daddy" having heart shaped eyes looking at the figure titled "mommy".

He pondered if it was an instinct reason behind it, or if Steve honestly wanted a child someday. He couldn't dispute how his heart was brimming when he knew he had a child.

Either way Steve comprehended that if he wanted to have a child, he would first be financially situated. For now he left the possibility of being pregnant in his dreams, where they belonged.

The next day at work he noticed how tired his eyes got while starring at the computer screen, so much that he had to take a break. He is not used to starring at a computer all day long, he never really payed attention how terrible his eyesight was until he noticed how blurry the numbers looked.

The other secretaries were welcoming the moment Steve started working there, and instantly asked him what was wrong. Emily, a cute mousy omega, laughed a little after Steve explained to her.

"You need glasses, Steve. I remember the first time I saw double vision, nearly gave Mr. Larson a heart attack when I showed him how much he lost that day!" She joked as she sipped her coffee.

"Glasses? God, there goes my food budget for the month. They are definitely expensive, especially if I don't want to look like a dork." Steve groaned to himself as he chugged the rest of his coffee.

"How is Mr. Thompson? You know the girls are begging to know if you could put a good word for them. Karen would die if you could possibly get her a date with him. Every time she had tried to do it herself, something got in her way like you know her job," Emily rolled her eyes.

"Jeez, I hate that I have to ask you that Steve. But Karen is such a nightmare, she kept yammering on and on how perfect he is. Hopefully now after I told her that I told you, she will shut up." Emily sighed as their break was coming to an ending.

"Yeah, I'll ask him. Karen better not hound me about it though." Steve wondered why he felt a twinge of anger. He brushed it off to his headache and went to remind Billy that Mr. Wilson called to reprimand him about not going out for drinks yesterday.

And there was Karen hovering outside of Billy's office, indecisive if she wanted to go in or not. "Hello, Karen." Steve poked her shoulder, watching her jump at the sudden touch.

"Oh, hi Stevie! I was just you know getting um paperclips?" She tried to act cute as if she wasn't wasting company time. Steve nodded, "Oh! That must be why you are outside of Mr. Thompson's office. Don't worry, I'll get you your paperclips."

Steve marched into Billy's office, smiling at how confused Billy looked while talking on the phone as he walked in. Steve, without a word, leaned over Billy to take his container of paperclips and left the room.

He shoved the box of paperclips into Karen's hands, and felt pleasure in seeing the fluster girl run away from the situation. She didn't even say anything, and Steve realized he left Billy's office door wide open.

"What was that all about?" Billy started after he finished his call. "Well, she wanted paperclips." Steve smiled to himself as he shut the office door.

"Okay, but why my paperclips?" Billy couldn't stop his chuckle at the strange event. He had an idea what went on, but honestly wanted to hear the story from Steve's lips.

"Well, I was talking with Emily during my break because my eyes hurt. And she told me that Karen wanted to go on a date with you, but couldn't do it herself. So after my break was over I came here to remind you that Mr. Wilson is mad about the drinks, but there Karen was standing right outside your office," Steve ranted as he took a seat in front of Billy's desk.

Billy kind of liked how fiery Steve got when he was ranting, making him reminisce that night where they fought. God, the adrenaline when he fought Steve was addicting.

"Wasting company time while also being indecisive if she would ask you herself! And then she tried to act cute when I asked her about, she lied to me and I thought it would be the perfect time to teach her a lesson. So I waltzed into your office and handed the paperclips she was so desperate for, having your door open was a perfect accident by the way." Steve huffed as he crossed his arm.

"Wait, your eyes were hurting?" Billy recalled after everything was said and done. Steve was surprised that he focused on Steve's issue in that whole story.

"Um, yeah. Emily told me I probably need glasses now and that sucks." Steve shrugged as he calmed himself down. He wondered why he felt any jealousy towards Karen, but now he felt more abashed that he acted that way.

"Well, we will get you to see an eye doctor after lunch." Billy announced and Steve just had to ask. "I know I am your secretary and all, but why are you spending so much money on me?"

"I have the money, and now that we are friends I want to make up for the past." Billy acknowledged as he picked up the phone. He needed to make an appointment if he wanted Steve to get his glasses.

"Listen, I said I forgive you for what happened in high school. And when you are buying me all of this, I just want to repay you," Steve explained himself, "Like if you need someone to have your back or take care of an errand after office hours." Billy hanged up the phone as he stared at Steve in stupefaction.

Billy couldn't deny that for a moment he thought Steve was offering other services, and those thoughts kept flashing in his head even after Steve went into detail.

Billy in the past had been with beta males, but that was way back in California. His father never liked it and repeatedly abused him because of it. That's why once he reached Hawkins, Billy denied himself from even trying to seduce Steve or anything that wasn't remotely omega.

Even though he would have wet dreams that seemed to always be

focused on the tall beta, with his flush face and doe eyes. After leaving Hawkins to New York, Billy still hasn't flirted with any male betas. He hated how much he tried to fit in, to conform in order to succeed in his work.

Now, with Steve as his secretary, Billy can't challenge what he feels inside for the old rival. Steve liked Billy and actually forgave him for nearly killing him. He could almost cry about how perfect Steve is to him, and how much he wanted to confess his true feelings.

Instead he replied with, "Okay, if that is what makes you more comfortable. How about this Friday we go get drinks at a club or something." Billy hoped he could continue showering Steve with gifts.

"If I didn't know anything better, I would say you were asking me on a date." Steve quipped as he brush his fingers through his hair. Steve stopped for a moment, and with wide eyes when he realized what he insinuated.

Billy couldn't stop himself from grinning at his nervous secretary, "If you wanted me that badly, all you had to do was ask." Steve pouted on instinct as Billy winked at him.

"Fine, we will get drink or something. But I swear I will treat you to something nice when I have the money." Steve mumbled out as he scratched his cheek. God, his father is barely paying half of his rent and nothing else. Steve would have to assemble all of his lifesaving to make it up to Billy.

"Perfect, after work on Friday we will go to this nice joint. However, we are still getting lunch together today. Wouldn't want my favorite

secretary to starve." Billy snickered as Steve brushed him off.

Once Steve left his office, Billy called back the eye doctor and booked an appointment on short notice. He spent the rest of the time imaging Steve in different frames and glasses before taking him out to lunch.

The restaurant was a personal favorite of his, he loved the 'Deconstructed King Crab Cesar Salad' as an appetizer. Steve had no idea what to do with the plate. It had two triangle pieces of lettuce, sitting on top of the crab with three miniature drops of dressing on the plate.

"Jeez, fifteen dollars for a salad? Okay, next time we go out to lunch I am picking the place." Steve huffed as he copied the way Billy ate the salad. Taking the triangles and dipping it before taking some of the crab into his mouth.

"Sure thing, pretty boy." Billy replied as he watched Steve sucked some of the sauce from his fingers. It felt both alluring and frustrating at the same as he silently watch Steve lick his thumb clean.

"Well, that didn't fill me up at all. I mean it was tasty, but I would rather have a huge slice of pizza for that price." Steve shrugged as the waiter took away their plates. He glanced at his watch, and Billy could feel himself heat up realizing it was the watch he bought him yesterday.

There was something charming about knowing that a piece of you is on this person, that no matter where they went they would always be reminded of your existence. Billy couldn't wait until his suits came in,

then Steve would be wrapped in the finest of fabric that only Billy could give him.

Billy tried to calm down his inner alpha, as he sipped his scotch. Soon enough they were given their meals and finished it quickly, Steve didn't want another incident of taking the day off early.

Even though Steve could of gone to the visit on his own, Billy had to go with him. He had his back to the wall, arms crossed as he watched the older alpha touch his secretary.

A part of him knew it was to check his eyes, but that didn't stop him from wishing he could touch Steve like that. To caress his cheek as he looked deep into those enticing eyes.

He nearly growled before they moved into the next room, and had Steve sit in a chair to test his eyesight. Test after test and Billy knew their break was definitely over, but he didn't tell Steve. He wouldn't want him to worry now.

Before leaving he told Mr. Harrington if he doesn't return by the time lunch was over, that he had to take care of things before he came back. Luckily for Mr. Harrington the examination was done in no time at all, allowing enough time for Steve and Billy to look through the glasses before the day ended.

However, picking the right frame for Steve was another obstacle for Billy to overcome his desire. Steve looked great in each pair of glasses, from clear frames to thick lenses. In the end, Steve decided on the black Valentino frames that adorn his face perfectly.

"How do you like your new glasses?" Billy whispered as they got the prescription filled into the frames. He stood next to Steve, watching him examine himself in the mirror.

"They are great, but we should really head back to work now." Steve flushed as he felt Billy's breath on his neck. Now, Billy gotten as close as he can without exactly touching Steve. And Steve never told him to back off or anything to reject his attempts at getting closer, to Billy this was a sign to make contact.

Billy wrapped his arm around Steve's waist, and pulled him closer to his body. "It's great you can see everything now, especially how red you have become." Billy murmured into his ears and laughed to himself as Steve blushed.

"Y-yeah, it's great. We should get going." Steve could smell him, and even his scent was captivating. Steve tugged on Billy's shirt as he allowed himself to be manhandled by his boss.

Billy shoved Steve out of his arms when he noticed a familiar businessman walk through the door, he loath himself for obeying the rules society enforced on him. He felt his heart drop when he turned back to Steve who was frowning at him, before walking out of the store.

"Wait, Steve!" He ran after him as Steve continued to ignore him. Steve wouldn't talk to him until they made it into the company's elevator alone with each other.

"I am sorry about that, I was-" Billy started before Steve interrupted

him, "You were what, ashamed or embarrassed? You know what me too!" Steve hissed out as he wished the elevator went faster.

"No, Steve listen to me! It looks weird for me to have my arms around a male beta, everyone thinks I should be with an omega," Billy growled out in annoyance, he wanted Steve to understand.

"I want to be with you! I really do, but you are a beta and that would make my life another living hell." Billy added as he watched Steve's eyes tear up. He couldn't breathe when he saw his beautiful boy hold back his tears.

"I am an omega, you jackass!" Steve wasn't crying due to sadness, instead he was crying out of pure anger. Then he had a realization when he felt a few tears slide down his cheek, he confessed his dirty little secret to Billy.

Billy opened his mouth to say something, but closed it as he looked upon Steve with confusion. The door popped open, and Steve quickly wiped his tears before stepping out of the elevator. Leaving Billy to himself, thinking about the news that Steve dropped all of a sudden.

3. The Result.

Summary for the Chapter:

Billy has to say sorry, and Karen is up to something of course.

Sorry for taking so long to post this! I am trying to stop rushing into their relationship, but it still goes pretty fast. Hopefully you enjoy this chapter!

Billy went home alone to his apartment that night, and couldn't sleep for hours. The big revelation of Steve being an omega is mind blowing and obvious that he can't help himself from thinking about it.

He stared at his ceiling wondering what he could do to make things better with Steve. Should he send a dozen of roses everyday until he forgives him? No, then people would stick their nose into why his secretary was getting rose and possibly find out the truth.

How about asking him out on a romantic date? He could show his affection with a lavish meal for the two of them and a promise to be the best alpha he can be. Billy started to daydream about the possibility of being with Steve, to buy him diamonds and have someone greet him after a hard day at work.

Except, Steve would never agree to that arrangement. Steve isn't just any omega, he has his personal goals and dreams that don't include Billy. Does Billy honestly love Steve? Or is he just eager to have an omega to bond with?

Whenever he started to overthink things is when he remembered his father, and his cruel words. For all of his life Neil had told Billy he was a worthless alpha who could never truly carry a relationship. He would die alone and never know what love actually is, that thought made Billy worry.

He worried so much that he called his stepsister Max, which he almost never did unless it was important. Max was sort of a bitch, but she knew more about omegas than him. Plus after leaving that mess of a family she has always kept a line open for him in case he needed it, and he sure did need it.

"Hello? Who is this?" A grouchy voice demanded, Billy glanced at the clock and knew it was pretty late for the both of them. "Max, it's me. Billy, you know your asshole of a stepbrother."

"Ah, Billy. What do you want? It better be important cause I have school tomorrow, dick." She yawned as Billy tried to find the words to express how he felt.

"I need your help, how do I make an omega fall in love with me?" He blurted out instead, and gained a chuckle as a reply. "Um, yeah that is up to you. Not all omegas like bad boys, and there isn't a guide out there to ensure that they will fall in love with you." Max explained as Billy groaned.

"No, I know that. I am wondering how do I make myself more approachable or appear more supportive?" Billy tugged at his hair. He needed an expert and Max was the closest thing he had right now.

She always called him on his bullshit, and secretly he respected that. They started on a bumpy road to say the least, but after Neil was arrested for assault their relationship got better. Hell, Billy even sent her some expensive clothing and gifts for special occasions. Looking back on it now, he honestly felt glad Max is willing to hear him out.

"Well, don't sleep around or else the omega is going to think you are only interested in sex. Also if you are close enough then talk about yourself while making sure not to bore them too much." Max joked a little and for a second it felt nice to laugh.

"Okay, and how do I say sorry to one?" Billy then asked as he listen to Max sigh deeply into the phone.

"Damn it, Billy. Saying sorry to an omega is one of the hardest things to do. You made yourself look like an asshole and that idea is now embedded into their minds. The best thing you can do is explain yourself, hopefully they are the less prissy type. Julian in my math class is such a nightmare omega," Max started, and Billy let her go off topic.

Never in a million years did he think that he would sit and listen to his step sister drone on and on about her life. Yet, he couldn't deny how it made him feel as if he was apart of a family. Still, he knew that he had to make his own and there was only one person he wanted to be with.

The next morning he hurried up in order to see Steve faster, gulping down his smoothie before heading out. He told himself that today was the day he shall reinvent himself, proving that he is the perfect alpha for Steve.

Steve, smelling of artificial beta, came up to him while reading off his schedule, but he seemed more distant. Billy for a second wondered what Steve actually smelled like, and secretly hoped that one day soon he will find out.

"Miss Anderson called and wondered if you were free tonight for another 'midnight lovemaking' as she put it." Steve spat out as he handed over Billy's coffee. Billy nearly dropped the damn cup, he forgot about Miss Anderson from last week.

"T-Tell her that I am no longer available for that kind of meeting." Billy watched as Steve squinted at him. "Oh? And why is that, Sir." Steve apathetically asked as they walked towards Billy's office.

"Steve, can I have a moment to talk to you? Alone." Billy whispered and was about to grab Steve's bicep before Steve dodged him. Billy honestly loved to touch Steve whenever he could, he remembered doing that a lot when they were in high school.

No matter where they were, Billy enjoyed being up close and personal with Steve. Whenever they practiced basketball he relished in pressing his body against Steve and even when they were in the showers Billy needed Steve's attention.

"Of course you can, you are my boss after all." Steve acted too insincere for his liking. There was no anger or any sense of sentiment when he replied to Billy, and that frustrated him.

Billy opened his door for Steve and allowed him to go in first before shutting it behind him. He made sure his blinds were closed properly, then he turned towards Steve.

Steve crossed his arms as he glared at Billy, waiting for him to speak up first. Billy was at a lost for words, he wanted to tell Steve that he was sorry. Sorry for pushing him yesterday, and sorry for not knowing how to make things better between them.

However, Steve still wore the glasses he got him yesterday, and it took his breath away at how stunning he looked in them. He felt his palms getting sweaty and for once in his life he wasn't confident at all.

"Steve, I am sorry. I am sorry for shoving you yesterday, I am sorry for acting like a complete asshole, and I am sorry for hurting you in any way," Billy started after he somehow found the words.

"I hate how I acted, but it is hard being the head alpha here. I have to behave a certain way or else I will be seen as weak. I can't be weak, not anymore." Billy confessed and hoped it was enough for Steve to forgive him.

"You know nothing about feeling weak. You don't know what it is like to be an omega in the world today. Where you aren't even human anymore, but an object like accessory created for an alpha. For my whole life everyone else decide what they wanted for me, and I had to follow their instructions." Steve calmly explained with a hint of fury underneath.

Billy needed to convince him that he wasn't one of those people who will control Steve, and actually spoke up about his past.

"I do know what it is like being weak, no really I do," Billy started and noticed Steve rolled his eyes. Steve saw him as this self-assured alpha who had the world in the palm of his hands, but truthfully he was just another puppet in society.

"My father used to beat me whenever I disobeyed him, and I couldn't do anything about it. For seven years I had to take it until the day I decided that I would be the one to control my own life," He wondered if Steve believed him, he hoped this would help Steve to trust him.

"Now, it feels like I am going through it all over again because I have to follow their rules or else I am finished. Steve, I was wrong for treating you that way. Please forgive me and I promise to never hurt you like that again." Billy revealed, and could feel his eyes watering. He never really told anyone about his abuse, even Max barely knew anything about it.

After everything is said and done, they look at each other without saying a word. As if they both are trying to process the gravity of their situation, and decide what to do next.

"Okay, I forgive you. Yet, I want to take some time away from you for now. I mean I am your secretary so I will keep working for you, but no more afternoon shopping sprees or having lunch together. We can still hang out on the weekend like most friends do, so yeah." Steve scratched his neck as he sighed.

"No, that's great. I just wanted you to know that I am not one of those scumbag alphas, and that even though you are who you are I am fine with being friends with you." Billy awkwardly coughed as Steve laughed.

"You know I thought I was the awkward one here, Mr. Thompson." Steve joked and Billy nearly rejoiced at how Steve smiled at him.

"Well, I guess there is more to me than meets the eye." Billy replied and he knew that everything was going to be alright.

Later on in the day Billy ended up going to lunch with a bunch of clients, and he hated it. They were all too professional and quite annoying how they bragged about themselves. I mean Billy did too, but he added his own twist to it.

"It must be horrible having a secretary you can't fuck, huh? Especially since he is a male beta, way too tall even if he was an omega." Mr. Williams joked as he smoked his Cuban cigar. Now if he could, Billy would beat the shit out of him and enjoy it immensely.

"There are plenty bitches in the sea, and even more whores on land." He huffed out as he gulped down his champagne, hating all of their laughs. He really hoped he could go back to eating with Steve, and possibly court him later.

Now Steve himself was feeling the same way as he ate with the other secretaries at that time. Karen being the excessive type of omega that she is, started to talk big about how she would seduce Mr. Thompson into bonding with her.

"All I would have to go is meet him at his apartment before my heat fully starts and then he is mine." She smirked at Steve, as if she knew something he didn't.

"Karen, how the Hell are you going to his apartment when a hoard of other alphas will be trying to mate with you?" Emily pointed out and Steve silently laughed as the smug grin dropped.

"Then I will go to his apartment when he is in his rut and then he will bond with me!" She frowned as she stabbed her salad, sounding a little bit terrified.

"Yeah, then get fucked to death because we all know how gentle alphas are during their ruts." Emily rolled her eyes as she nibbled on her turkey sandwich. Karen glared at her, but said nothing to refute her.

Steve really liked how Emily got more sarcastic and real compared to her shy appearance, he is glad she is also calling Karen out on her bullshit.

"We all know that sex during a heat or a rut is the perfect time to get pregnant." Ashley added, she always had a thing for Karen apparently. Emily told him the first day that Ashley would side with Karen no matter what the conversation is about.

"Yeah, and then there goes your perfect figure. Nine months of stretch marks, sore feet, and weight gaining. Sounds terrific if you

never want to fit into that dress again, Karen." Emily smiled, she personally never wanted to have kids. Yet the idea of giving birth to something you created sort of sounded appealing to Steve, but he really shouldn't daydream about it.

He would need to take time off work and then afterwards take care of the child before even think about going back to school. Having a child would ruin his goals, and it sort of hurts to dream about something you could never have. Conversations with Billy never made Steve hate his future, but he had to grow use to it now.

"Steve! We need to talk." Mr. Harrington yelled from the doorway, Steve swiftly scoped his lunch back into his brown paper bag before following his father out of the break room. He noticed some alpha businessmen watching him from their offices, but he worried about what his father had to say as they walked into an empty bathroom.

"What do you want to talk about dad?" Steve politely asked before his father hissed out, "You call me Mr. Harrington here, young man!"

"Alright, what do you want to talk about Mr. Harrington?" Steve corrected himself, trying his best not to sound too disrespectful. Mr. Harrington lit up a cigarette and started to smoke, clearly stressed.

"Someone stapled a paper on the bulletin board saying that you are an omega, and now half the office knows about it. I ripped it off of course, but news travel fast here! How could you do this to me?" He shouted, grinding his teeth afterwards waiting for Steve to explain himself.

"What? People know I am an omega now?" Steve couldn't believe his ears, but his father didn't like his answer.

"Listen here you good for nothing piece of shit! I did my best to protect you for all of these years, and you go stabbing me behind my back." Mr. Harrington gripped Steve's collar and pushed him against the wall. Steve could almost laugh, his father never cared for him.

"Let go of him." Steve instantly knew whose voice that was and could smell his rage from a mile away. Billy pulled Mr. Harrington away from Steve, staring him down before he checked to see if Steve was hurt.

"Mr. Thompson, um me and Steve were just having a little chat." He tried to play it off, but Billy wasn't listening to it.

"Shut up, I know Steve is an omega. And now everyone else knows too, there isn't anything you can do about it now. Even if we deny it, people are still going to check an eye out on him. Don't blame him for all of this, I already know the culprit. Follow me now." Billy demanded, they followed him out the door and back to the break room.

"Oh, Mr. Thompson! How are you today?" Karen giggled as Billy walked up to her. Billy sneered as he handed her a pink piece of paper.

Steve instantly knew what was happening, but Karen had no idea. "What's this?" She smiled, most likely hoping for a love message.

Steve watched her smile drop as she actually read what the sheet said.

"You're fired, for revealing confidential and personal information on a fellow employee. Multiple workers saw you print out the paper, and since you used your identification number in the machine to print it out there is enough evidence for me to fire you. Have fun living on unemployment checks." Billy smirked as he walked away, hearing her howl in outrage.

"Wait! Mr. Thompson I am sorry. I didn't mean to do that, I was just helping Steve come out, yeah!" She muttered out as she grabbed onto his wrist. She batted her eyelashes and gave him a little pout hoping that was enough to convince him.

For some reason it angered Steve to see her touch Billy, and how she still tried to flirt with him. Billy actually noticed how Steve scowled and instantly connected the dots. Steve might have some feelings for him too.

"Yeah right! I am going to tell every stockbroking company in New York about how you reveal private and personal information. No one is going to hire you at all." Billy yanked his arm back and continued to walk to his office.

Steve felt relief as he watched Karen packed her things, privately he was worried about her whole bonding scheme. He was so agitated about it, he was going to warn Billy when he came back from lunch. Now that is taken care of, he has new problems emerging.

The whole office knew he was an omega, Emily patted his back when they noticed how many alphas were eyeing him up. "Welcome to the club, pal." She joked as they made it back to their desks.

He spent the rest of the day ignoring the stares and swiftly doing his job. The quicker he worked, the quicker he could leave and Steve really wanted to go home right away.

He left the building so fast that he didn't even say goodbye to Billy, which upset him for some reason. He opened up a cheap bottle of wine and hoped that tomorrow won't be much of a headache. Tomorrow was Thursday, he had been working for only two days now and looked what happened!

Steve really need to find a job to support himself in order to go to college, for a second he pondered on reselling the gifts Billy gave him. However, the omega inside him threw that idea out because Billy bought that for him.

Steve went to his room and pulled out the accessories from under his bed, hoarding all the items in one place for easy access. He traced his finger against the watches and wondered why it made him overjoyed whenever Billy got him something.

He recalled how Billy treated Karen and how the feeling of relief washed over him when he pushed her away. Karen with her perfect curls, baby pink lipstick, and blue eyes made her look like a doll. She was a textbook example of a perfect omega and yet Billy didn't want her.

Then he remembered how Billy told him that he will no longer see Miss Anderson for sex, Billy never did explain to Steve why he wanted to stop that arrangement. The omega part of him whispered that it was for Steve, that Billy wanted Steve as a partner.

For a few seconds Steve imagined what it would be like to be with Billy, he certainly knew how to pleasure an omega. Steve stopped himself from thinking about it, since it was embarrassing and inappropriate to think about his boss like that. Steve put away all of his gifts and climbed into bed. He needed a good night of sleep if he was ever going to make it tomorrow.

Billy on the other hand was still up and thinking about Steve of course. He was out in the open for other alphas to try and claim which distressed him deeply. He needed more advice and called Max again.

"Billy could you stop calling at one in the morning?" Max groaned into the phone as Billy chuckled after hearing her. "Yeah, but it is an emergency. Now everyone knows Steve is an omega and I need to beat all of them!"

"Wait, did you just say Steve? Steve is the omega you want!" Max was wide awake now and Billy forgot no one really knew back in Hawkins. Steve was going to kill him now!

"Ugh, yeah just don't tell those dork friends of yours. I want him to like me and not hate me for being a blabbermouth." Billy rubbed his eyes, he was such an idiot.

"Wow, just wow! Okay, I remember Steve loves teddy bears actually. Dustin told me how he had a closet filled with stuff animals that he secretly hoard." Max laughed at the memory, and Billy nodded in excitement.

"That's perfect! Now what else?" Billy ran to grab a pen and paper to write all of this down. He needed to impress Steve and outshine all the other alphas.

"He actually hate roses, brings up memories of Nancy. Yet he always loved carnations whenever we walked pass the flower shop he always admired them. Oh, and he hates white chocolate since it is not actually chocolate. He loves strawberries, so maybe you should get him chocolate dipped strawberries." Max clearly was on board with helping Billy.

The rest of the night Billy planned what to get Steve and really hoped to that Steve will like his gifts. Steve was the only person he wanted to be with, because Steve actually cared.

The next morning Steve got ready for the upcoming mess that will take place at the office, alphas trying to woo the male omega. Even though he was outed as an omega, that just made Steve load on the fake beta musk. He needed to repel any alphas at work, and not accept anything edible.

Steve packed his own snacks and lunch that he secretly signed in the flaps of the package. One way an alpha might try to woo and bond with an omega is to put aphrodisiacs into their food or drink. Walking into the building Steve could see the large pile of chocolates, roses, and boxes probably filled with jewelry.

As Steve tried to take a seat in his crowded area, Billy walked into the office. Billy growled to himself as he took in all the gifts that the other alphas tried to court Steve with. Before Billy could say anything to Steve, a bunch of people walked in holding balloons.

Turned out someone paid for fifty roses and fifty balloon while forcing a poor guy to sing a love poem to Steve. Billy was going to find Harry Shaul and cram all those flowers where the sun don't shine.

"Yeah, this is terrible." Steve told Billy as he was surrounded, and Billy knew the perfect place to put all of those expensive gifts. He went to the storage closet, pulled out a garbage bag and shoved everything he can into it. Sadly, he had to make some room by crushing a couple of bouquets of roses. Billy tied it off and threw the bag onto the ground, enjoying the sound of glass breaking.

"Well, you are certainly popular Steve." Billy joked as Steve fixed his work space. "Yeah, I hate it. Look at all of these notes! Gross, just gross." Steve handed Billy a card that detailed how the alpha would knot him and bred him. Billy mentally remembered to fire a Mr. Becker today.

The phone started to ring and Steve answered it before slamming it back down on the hook. "Another alpha." Steve explained as he rubbed his temples. Billy hated how hard all the other alphas were trying to get with Steve, he was going to kill all of them.

The rest of the day was filled with revolting alphas winking at Steve before Billy would block their view and send the deadliest glare he

could. Billy wished he could just rub his scent on Steve to tell all of the other alphas that Steve was his, but knew that Steve would hate that.

On Friday Billy took Steve out to lunch in order for all of the other alphas to stop hassling him, and because he wanted to be alone with Steve again. They went to the pizza restaurant that Steve mentioned a couple of days ago, and Billy loved how happy Steve appeared as he took his first bite.

"So what are you going to do about all those alphas?" Billy stared as Steve shoved down his second piece. If anyone else ate like that Billy would be disgusted, but it was Steve therefore he looked sort of cute while doing it.

"I don't know, bring out my baseball bat with the nails?" Steve shrugged and laughed at the look on Billy's face.

"Well, maybe you should find an alpha to support you until you can support yourself." Billy scratched his face and watched as Steve frowned.

"No way in Hell am I going to whore myself out for that, you must be out of your mind!" Steve looked pissed and Billy started to panic.

"No! I meant me, as the alpha who would support you. No sex involved at all. Steve, I hate that you have to put up with all that shit," Billy began and noted how Steve stared blankly at him.

"Now that the alphas know about you, they might try to come after you where and visit you at your apartment. I caught some of them pulling out your record to do so tonight. I fired them of course, but some of them could still be after you." Billy explained and Steve's anxiety started to rise.

Steve recalled the flushed face and scent of anger on Billy before they left. He wasn't joking and Steve couldn't help but feel scared all of a sudden.

"Shit, shit, shit! That's scary, fuck. Okay, then does that mean I will live with you now?" Steve asked as he tried to calm himself. Billy wiped his greasy fingers on his napkin before placing his hand on Steve's shoulder, instantly calming him down.

"I already told your dad that we aren't coming back for the rest of the afternoon. We can use this time to move your stuff before the other alphas try to find you there. I can get a bunch of movers in under twenty minutes," Billy started, it was a last minute thought he had as they waited in line for the pizza, and he knew with the right amount of money they can do it in a single afternoon.

"All you have to do is tell me that you need my help. Do you need my help, Steve?" Billy really hoped Steve would take him up on his offer. Steve nodded, "Billy, I need your help."

Steve needed Billy now more than ever, and a part of him loved that he wasn't alone. Yet, his omega side reminded him that Billy was the perfect alpha. Ready to fulfill any of Steve's needs from emotional to sexual, but either way Steve agreed to move into Billy's apartment. He wasn't falling for Billy, right?

4. Midnight calls.

Summary for the Chapter:

We get to see how Steve and Billy react to living together, and some hints of what is to come.

(Sorry I took so long to make this chapter, and I probably still have major grammar mistakes. I just wanted to get this out before the month was over. Hopefully you enjoy it, please leave a comment if you can.)

On Friday nights Billy would usually go down to a local club to drink overpriced liquor and flirt with anyone who caught his eye. Instead of doing that he is helping Steve move into his spacious apartment, lifting up heavy boxes to get the job done.

He has a bunch of workers helping him, but Billy wanted to prove his strength to Steve along with showing off his muscular physique. Steve can't help, but stare at his broad shoulders as he moved Steve's bookshelf into the guestroom.

"Well, that should be it." Billy said while wiping the sweat off his brow. "Yeah, but now we have to unpack all of my boxes." Steve sighed as he started to open his first box.

Most of the boxes aren't labeled at all since they were in such a hurry, and Steve effectively peeled the tape off to look inside.

"You sure love Wham! and Duran Duran, huh?" Billy noted as he

helped place the cassettes on the shelves. "What? Did you think I was into Iron Maiden or Metallica like you?" Steve huffed as he pulled more out.

"Well, you do seem like a Duran Duran fan with how preppy you were in high school. Hey, is that Bon Jovi?" Billy examined the range of music Steve had. From Aerosmith to Depeche mode, Steve liked a bit of everything from every genre of music.

"They have great songs, so don't get your panties twisted into a bunch over what types of music I like." Steve stretched, he already felt sore in his arms from helping take in boxes also.

"No, it's not that. I just well," Billy scratched his cheek as Steve smirked, "If we are going to be roomies then you should know that I like blasting Wham! in the morning. I am just warning you that you are going to get an earful of it, so be prepared."

"Do you have an entire dance to go with it?" Billy joked as Steve shrugged, "You'll find out tomorrow. I got an entire mix tape to get me going in the morning."

"How about after we finish this we go get something to eat?" Billy asked as Steve threw the empty box into the corner of the room.

"We will see, but for now I am putting some Bon Jovi on to help us get through this." Steve played the first album and soon enough they went to work.

Steve hanged up his little photo collage that had pictures of the gang back home, Dustin loved to be in front of the camera. Next he stick his favorite letters from him in between the mirror and frame that held it all together. He should really give him a call for once and not wait for another letter.

"What's all of this?" Billy pointed out as they worked on putting his clothes away. The new suits he got were hanged in the closet right next to his favorite sweaters.

"Oh, do you remember Dustin? The kid with the curly hair that hanged out with Max. Well, he promised to write me every month after I left Hawkins and for the most part kept it." Steve explained as he folded a pair of jeans.

"Yeah, he rings a bell especially with his picture right there," Billy started to read some of the letters before adding "What do you mean most part?"

"Oh, I guess school is keeping his properly busy and I haven't had a letter in a while. He's a great kid, sort of a nerd, but he is really sweet." Steve smiled as he remembered all of the good times.

"Jeez, you sound like a mom boasting about her child. Do you want kids then Mr. Mom?" Billy coughed. Personally he wondered what Steve wanted for himself in the future, and hoped he can give him everything.

"Yeah, well I don't know. I mean a part of me really like the idea of kids, but I would have to find the right alpha. Someone who likes me

for me and such. I just, I really want to go college and being in a relationship would probably ruin that dream." Steve sighed as he folded his last pair.

"What do you mean by that? If you found the right alpha then he would let you do whatever you wanted, since it is your dream and all." Billy asked as he helped Steve grab the sheets for the bed.

"Yeah, that's true. But I have heard how possessive alphas are, no offense, I just worry that I somehow find myself trapped in a relationship. You do know that the moment I bond that means I will forever be tied to that alpha no matter what?" Steve huffed as he threw his pillows onto the bed.

"Yeah, yeah I have heard. Well, either way it should be up to you. Promise me that if you take an alpha that it is out of your own freewill, not what your father says or even what the alpha might say to you." Billy nervously fiddled with shirt.

"Don't worry, dude I am not an idiot. My dad can go screw himself if he thinks he can still boss me around like that. We both know that you are the real boss here." Steve smirked he threw the last box into the pile.

"Well, it is getting late so how about we call in for some takeout?" Billy glanced at the clock. He felt sweaty, and his thin shirt was sticking to his skin.

"That sounds alright, I'll um call them in. Chinese?" Steve couldn't help, but find himself distracted by Billy's scent for once. It smelled of

tangy seawater, oak wood, and something citrus that Steve couldn't quite place.

"Sounds great, so I am going to take a quick shower. Order whatever you like, I'll pay for it." Billy stated as he started to unbutton his shirt before walking out of the room.

Steve had to catch his breath for a few seconds before going to the nearest phone and calling the order in. He memorized his favorite restaurant and in no time at all had it placed.

Steve walked around the apartment, looking at the living room that had these wide windows. Billy had blinds of course, but before pulling them close Steve took in the scenery. The city looked alive and for a second Steve felt glad to be in New York.

He walked around the area some more, finding a indoor gym and what he expected was Billy's room. It smelled of Billy of course, but Steve could also smell the hint of other omegas in the bed.

It churned his stomach of how many omega smells filled the bed as he got closer, a range of fruity to vanilla attacked his nose. Steve couldn't stand it, and ran out of the room.

He felt gross, almost dirty from smelling the room, and hated how the sweat lingered on his body. Steve decided he should take a shower too and made his way to the guest bathroom.

He couldn't believe another bathroom was connected to his room, but at this moment he was glad to have it. He threw his unwashed clothing on the bed, and took a towel into the bathroom.

Steve already put his bath products into the area, and felt like he deserved a bath for once. He found a bottle of Mr. Bubbles from under the sink and place a good amount into the running bath.

At his old apartment the shower could also be used as a bathtub, but the drain seal was broken. Steve sighed in relief as he slipped into the warm waters.

He let the door a little open in order to hear the music from his room, he really needed a radio or something later on. He assumed that he could take a quick bath before the food arrived, but started to drift to sleep in the bath.

Billy didn't take long, he didn't want to keep Steve waiting. It surprised him that Steve was nowhere to be found at first, but knew he should check his room.

"Steve, you better be decent. I am coming in!" Billy banged on the door before going into his room. He could see the bathroom door slightly ajar, but his attention soon turned to the clothing left on the bed.

Billy rolled his eyes as he picked it up, and was about to put it into the hamper but that was before he got a whiff of it.

It smelled heavenly to him like a mixture of freshly baked cinnamon rolls and cookies out of the oven. It made his mouth water and he wanted more. Secretly he thought Steve would smell of freshly cut grass or rain since he grew up in a forest area, but instead he reminded him of a loving home.

Billy stopped himself from taking another sniff and threw it into Steve's hamper. He had to calm himself down, Steve would hate him if he somehow saw that.

Then all of a sudden he heard a yelp and the swooshing of water from the bathroom. Billy, without any hesitation, swung the bathroom door wide open and came face-to-face with a drenched wide eye Steve.

Billy couldn't help himself from chucking at Steve, he reminded him of a soaked cat. Steve frowned at him as he ran his fingers through his hair, not really caring he was in naked in the bath.

They have seen each other naked before in the showers, plus the bubbles covered Steve up pretty well.

"It's nice to know that me almost drowning is funny to you. Hand me the towel over there." Steve scoffed as he pointed at the sink. Billy nodded and gave it to Steve, looking away when Steve stood up to wrap himself with it.

Before Billy could look at Steve, the doorbell rang and Steve smugly told him to go get it. Billy gave Steve a curtsy before leaving him alone to get dried and dressed.

Billy popped open his favorite wine as he set the food onto the coffee table, he wanted Steve to enjoy their first dinner together. Steve came into the room wearing his favorite pajamas, or the shorts of his favorite pajamas.

"Aren't you going to catch a cold wearing that?" Billy eyed him as he sipped on his wine. Steve shrugged, "I don't know, but I have been feeling warmer lately. Maybe I already caught something."

"Then you should cover yourself." Billy smirked as he got up, it didn't take long before he came back with his bathrobe. It was fluffy and for some reason made Steve feel safe as he wore it. Plus it smelled like Billy without the revolting additional smells of any omegas.

Feeling comfortable to say the least, Steve helped himself to a couple glasses of red wine. It didn't take long before he became completely drunk, Billy was decently entertained.

"Why are you so pretty?" Steve slurred after he gulped down his sixth cup. Billy chuckled to himself as he answered, "What do you mean, pretty boy?"

"No, no that is wrong. You are the pretty one here! So pretty that all the omegas at the office talk about." Steve threw his arms in the air and nearly lost his balance.

"Really? What do they say?" Billy took the wine bottle far away from Steve. Steve started to giggle, "They say you got a great ass and an

even greater face. Most of the girls say you look like John Stamost."

"You mean John Stamos." Billy pointed out before Steve started to frown. He pouted to himself and crossed his arm while saying, "Karen says your dreamy and the perfect alpha and that you would totally bond with her in a heartbeat."

Billy started, "Karen is full of herself and I would never bond with her." Steve rolled his eyes, "Yeah, right! What's wrong with her? She is submissive, dedicated, and the perfect omega. The perfect omega for the perfect alpha."

"No, Steve she is manipulative and is only looking out for herself." Billy explained as Steve sighed. "Well, she isn't lanky or awkward and already looks like she is going to be the perfect housewife."

"Steve, I don't want just a housewife. If I am ever going to bond with someone I want them to be my partner, someone who has equal power in the relationship." Billy added as Steve's eyes started to water.

"I never asked to be like this," Steve whispered to himself, Billy was now confused.

"What are you talking about Steve?" Billy asked before Steve continued, "An omega, but I just feel like everyone is expecting me to fit in this perfect mold. The perfect boyfriend, the perfect son, and now the perfect omega. All my life people wanted something out of me that I just couldn't give."

"Steve, no one is truly perfect. Hell, I am a horrible alpha who doesn't care about anyone other than myself. Yet Steve you are the most kind and thoughtful person I have ever met. When I came into town you didn't care what everyone else thought about you and you did what was right." Billy confessed as he made his way to Steve's side.

"Is that why you seduce so many omegas? To act like you are this great alpha when in truth you are still afraid?" Steve noted as Billy's shoulder brushed against his.

"Yeah, actually." Billy murmured, a little shocked that drunk Steve would call him out on his ways. Steve laid his head against Billy's shoulder as he sighed to himself.

"But I want to change, make myself a better alpha." Billy spoke up after a few seconds of silence. Steve lifted his head and looked at Billy, "Then you should probably burn your bed."

"What?" Billy scrunched up his face, feeling quite perplexed by Steve's statement. Steve can't help, but laugh with his entire body at Billy's confusion.

"Your bed reeks of omega, man! If you want to be a better alpha and nab that omega you better get a new bed. Smells overwhelming and sends out the wrong message." Steve spelled out before standing up.

Billy braced himself to catch Steve since it looked as though he would tip over to one side, but instead watched as Steve twirled to face him.

"See you later, Mr. Boss." Steve winked before leaving to go back to his room. Billy took a moment to collect himself, and took in the information that Steve gave him.

The next day Steve woke up with a reasonable headache, and the smell of bacon throughout the apartment. Steve rubbed his eyes as he walked into the kitchen, some pop rock playing the background.

"Morning, hope you are hungry. Got some fresh coffee for you." Billy announced as he flipped some eggs. Steve's stomach growled as he took a seat near the island.

Billy slid him a mug filled with the good stuff that almost made Steve cried as he gulped it down, and Billy laid their plates before sitting down next to him.

"Hey sunshine, how are you feeling this morning?" Billy asked as Steve gobbled down his breakfast, "So-so but this is making it better."

Billy passed him a couple of painkiller with a wink before starting to eat his own breakfast. Steve thank the Lord that he was staying with Billy now, and happily finished his food.

Soon there was a knock at the door and Steve watched as Billy let in some men who replaced his bed. Steve followed Billy into his bedroom to watch him replace the sheets, Billy smiled at Steve.

"So, what do you think?" Billy inquired as Steve took a step closer. Laying both of his hands onto the bed, pressing up and down to test how stringing the mattress was.

"Pretty good, I would say." Steve said as he stood up and brushed his hands through his hair.

Now the room smelled entirely of Billy, no more sickly sweet scent of other omegas. That reminded Steve about borrowing Billy's bathrobe last night.

"Wait here." Steve bluntly told him before running to his room to retrieve the article of clothing. Steve clumsily handed Billy back the robe, and for a second he felt this electricity shot through his spine when they touched fingertips.

"Um, so what are you going to do today?" Steve coughed, watching Billy nervously scratch his face.

"Well, I usually spend my Saturdays working out or taking the day to actually relax." Billy said as Steve nodded. "Cool, I normally read and relax myself before Monday rolls around. So I guess I'll leave you to it, if you need me I'll be in my room." And with that Steve left Billy alone in his room.

Billy sighed to himself as he sat down on his bed, hoping that Steve would remember what he said last night. He gripped his bathrobe and inhaled it. Steve's natural scent was irrepressible, and the alpha inside wanted no one else to know this smell. He promised himself to always be there for Steve no matter what.

Weeks passed and Steve had to admit that Billy was a great roommate, he respected Steve's space and helped around the apartment. Plus it was always nice to sit down and eat with someone, instead of eating alone on the couch.

Work became manageable since Billy looked out for him, firing any alphas who overstepped the boundaries and hiring betas to fill in the empty slots. Billy also started to pay for his suppression medicine, along with stronger scented beta products.

Eventually the gifts of romance dwindled down to a handful of alphas who still saw Steve as a challenged, but understood that Steve made his own choices. Still once in a while Steve would get outrageous gifts, but they would keep it anonymous in order not to lose their jobs. Life seemed alright for now, and Steve's inner omega felt satisfied at Billy attempts to help him.

Still, some nights he couldn't sleep and that always lead him to walk around the apartment at night. He enjoyed starrng outside the windows and watching the city come to life.

It somehow always amazed him that he could ever make it in this big city, which motivated him to do his best. People down there are fighting every day and night to make ends meet, and it wasn't that long ago that Steve was one of them.

One night he noticed Billy's light was on, it was peeking out of the doorway. Steve pondered if Billy was okay with them possibly hanging out or watching a movie to lull them both to sleep.

Standing outside his door, Steve was about to knock before he heard the conversation taking place within Billy's room.

"Max, I am taking it slow alright. I don't want him to get the wrong idea." He heard Billy yawn, and for a second he started to worry.

Was he talking about him? That what they have is friendship and nothing more. Steve felt anxious as he tried to hear more of the conversation.

"I am trying my best to seem like the perfect alpha, I even threw out my bed for him." Billy groaned, and Steve felt his spirits being lifted up.

"He told me it smelled like other omegas, so I had to. No, I haven't told him how I feel. He is not looking for a relationship right now, he just wants to go back to college." Billy sounded tired and Steve wondered if he should make himself known.

"Yes, other alphas want him but they want him for his status Max. I mean it sort of died down, but some of them are annoying little fuckers." Billy added and Steve snorted to himself. He heard enough, and went back to bed in order to question his goals in life.

Should he date Billy? He matured, and honestly listened to Steve. Plus, it was sort of cute how he asked his sister for help on how to get the attention of a omega. Steve would need some time to really analyze this situation he found himself in, hopeful everything will

turn out alright.

However, his father would try to set up blind dates for him with alphas from other businesses. At first he told him that he had a date at a restaurant nearby, but since Steve never went on the dates it started to occur out of nowhere.

Once while getting some coffee for Billy, an alpha paid for it while also hinting that they should go somewhere together. When Steve told him to back off, the alpha revealed his father set the whole thing up.

"Why are you being so stubborn?" His father yelled at him when he came back to the office. Apparently he thought this plan would go off without a hitch.

"Stubborn? Well, I am not the one forcing all of these dates!" Steve was losing his mind, it would be worse if his father knew where he was staying.

"If you don't go on a blind date that I picked out for you, then what is the point? What good are you to me if you can't even do this?" Mr. Harrington turned red in the face.

"I am not here as a way for you to climb up the ladder. I am your son!" Steve hated all it all boiled down to him being an omega. It reminded him how he would never be enough for his father, but at this point Steve no longer cared.

He did his best throughout his life in order to receive some kind of praise from his father. Except now that he has seen how weak and cowardly his father acted, it proved to Steve that he shouldn't try to make him happy. Steve should instead focus on his own happiness, possibly with Billy.

Steve's father grabbed him by the collar, proving to Steve that he became pathetic over the years. In the past his father would never tried to threaten him with physical violence to get what he wanted from Steve.

Normally he would give passive comments that got under his skin, but as Steve grown to a full adult he knew now that it didn't matter. His father wanted something that could never exist, and should learn to accept it instead of trying to intimidate it.

"Mr. Harrington! Since you love wasting company time so much then you can just go home. Steve, go back to work." Billy shouted. He made sure to not seem too invested into Steve, but still cared. It made Steve think that they could have a future together, he planned to tell him soon.

He did like Billy, and Billy proved himself in multiple ways. He would listen to Steve nagging him to bring an umbrella when the forecast said around 45% humidity, and even share his umbrella with Steve. The little things that Steve noticed really helped convinced him in the end, and not the gifts or tokens of affection.

Hell, he even took Steve's advice when it came to certain stock and trusted Steve with looking over certain accounts. Compared to past relationships, they never seemed too invested in Steve's thoughts and feelings. Nancy was the type to voice her problems and never really

allowed Steve to share his.

Billy didn't seduce any omegas, openly ignored them and paid attention to Steve. Every time he brushed his fingers against Steve's hair or fixed his tie for him made Steve feel wanted.

Steve pondered if he should bond with Billy, but for now wanted to just start a relationship. Steve planned to tell him of his feelings Friday night at dinner, and for once treat Billy to something spectacular. And he didn't care what his father would have to say about their relationship, he was in love.

This time off allowed Mr. Harrington to start thinking, and it didn't take long before he came up with a dastardly plan. He was going to make Steve bond with an alpha, whether he wanted to or not.

5. Coffee cup

Summary for the Chapter:

Finally, I updated! Here is the smut I promised along with a little surprise at the end. Please comment how you are feeling about my story and if you can leave a kudos! Thanks, again for reading.

Calculating his budget, Steve ensured to save enough to get ingredients for tomorrow night. At first he thought of taking them out to a restaurant, but his mother had told him that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

Steve knew how to make basic dishes, but he planned to make a simple dish into something extraordinary. He choose spaghetti and meatballs as the perfect meal to share with Billy.

He already bought canned tomatoes from Italy, and planned to use Billy's favorite wine in the sauce. He felt excited as he secretly bought the fresh ingredients one afternoon, while Billy was stuck in a meeting for an upcoming account.

Steve traveled to his favorite farmer's market, Union Square Greenmarket, which was a nice little day trip. It was only about thirty minutes away from where they lived, and the weather was nice for once in his opinion.

He glanced at some of the stores as he made it back home, making sure he had everything he needed. One store in particular caught his eye, the sign promotes a new lipstick and Steve couldn't stop himself from going inside.

Even though he was male, products such as make up and lingerie targeted the omega community. Women wore it of course, but male omegas saw no problem in using it. Steve knew it sort of made omegas focus on body image, but he was curious to say the least.

These items helped in seducing possible mates, and Steve wanted to look his best for Billy. Unsurprisingly, a male omega employee approached him first.

"Hello, do you need help today?" Mark said as Steve eyed the displays. Mark was petite and wore a pale pink lipstick, he seemed cheerful and eager to talk to Steve.

"Oh, um I was just browsing around. Your sigh said something about new lipstick?" Steve scratched his neck, wondering if he should even bother. What if he looked like a clown? Would Billy laugh at him? Steve quickly started to doubt his decision to buy a lipstick.

"Yes, we have an assortment of color. Are you buying it for a significant other?" Mark smiled as he lead Steve to the section. There were multiple shades of lipsticks, and Steve had no idea they even sold blue lipstick.

"Well, I am buying one for myself." Steve confessed, he didn't feel like beating around the bush. Mark gasped and squealed in excitement, making Steve uncomfortable.

"You are an omega also! Wait, are you still hiding it? You smell too much like a beta." Mark whispered and Steve wished he could get his lipstick and leave.

"Sort of, I just need a lipstick because I am trying to attract this one alpha." Steve hoped it would end his questions. Mark smirked, "I see, well I think these colors would suit you."

In the end Steve bought a cherry shade lipstick, a plum colored lipstick, and his personal favorite a bright red lipstick. He left the store before Mark could trick him into buying eye shadow, and promised himself to accept his status more.

Steve went back to the apartment before Billy, and hid everything he bought that day. He couldn't wait for tomorrow, and welcomed Billy home when he burst through the front door.

"So, what did you while I was gone?" Billy asked as he untied his tie and unbutton the first couple of buttons. He hated meeting forced him to dress properly, but he wouldn't whine to Steve about it.

"The usual, wait for you by the door like a dog." Steve joked as Billy untucked his shirt. Flashing his navel and showing off his albs, Steve tried not to stare.

"Whose a good boy?" Billy ruffled Steve's hair, playing along and laughing as Steve swatted his hand away. "Yeah, yeah, Yeah. By the way don't forget we are having dinner tomorrow, my treat of course." He reminded as he Billy gave a small frowned.

"You don't have to do that for me, I am fine with paying." Billy started, but Steve swiftly stopped him. "Oh, come on. I think Billy Hargrove could face one evening where he is being indulged for once."

"Well, when you put it like that then I guess I'll allow it." Billy winked before he thought better of it. Steve felt his face heat up, and tried to calm down his beating heart. He could wait until tomorrow to tell Billy about how he feels, and with that Steve attempted to get a good night of sleep. He didn't.

At first he fell asleep, but then he woke up an hour later by the sound of his own beating heart. This was a first for him, and no matter how hard he tried he couldn't calm down.

Wide awake at two in the morning Steve started to doubt himself, and pondered the future. At first he started to rationalized himself by believing that Billy would return his feelings, but it didn't take long before he overthought about it.

What if Billy said no? What if he was being nice or is naturally flirty? Has Steve misinterpret his actions? Steve recalled in high school how vivacious he was toward any females, the rumors of how many hearts he broken made Steve worry.

All of these girls who put their heart on the line only got a laugh in return, even the most detached girls eventually fell for Billy. Lindsay Brace, a girl who didn't take any shit from anyone, cried for a month when Billy dumped her. Billy also told her off in front of the school when she started to make a scene.

God, Steve wished he could go to sleep and forget about the past. Yet, this fear and anxiety that filled him kept him awake until five and had an extra hour of sleep before getting up.

"Whoa, you don't look so good." Billy commented as he drank his morning smoothie. "Tell me something I don't know." Steve grumbled as he found the coffee pot empty, he forgot to load it up the night before.

"I think you should stay here instead, I don't want my secretary passing out before noon." Billy reached up to pat his back, but Steve blocked him.

"Yeah, no I am going to work. I'll probably be alert after my shower." Steve turned away, leaving Billy confused. Normally, Steve allowed him small touches from brushing a hair behind his ear to gripping his shoulders. If this was any omega, Billy would not care however this was Steve.

Steve Harrington, the one and only, made Billy ache for him. The alpha inside of him demanded he take and mate him already, but Billy knew better. Steve deserved someone better and good who made him happy, Billy only desired to be that person one day.

Steve took too much time in the shower and they had to leave for work without getting a cup of coffee in the morning. Steve huffed at his desk as he swatted away the miniature pile of stuff animals. He gave up reading the cards, but that never stopped them from sending it in.

As he tried to focus on the computer a coffee cup was set on his desk, Steve looked to find his father offering it. Steve widen his eyes, he assumed after their last conversation his father was completely furious.

"Steve, son you look tired. Here, it's your favorite," Mr. Harrington told him and Steve glanced at the cup. Steve smelled the caramel and wondered for a second how his father knew he loved caramel macchiatos.

"Look, I know we never really have seen eye to eye before and I always underestimated you. Yet, you are my son and I am sorry for what I said. It was wrong of me to suggest that and I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me," He explained as he took a sip from his own coffee.

"Son, you don't look too good. How about you go back to your apartment and rest? I'll take it from here, just promise me you'll take the day to relax. Tomorrow we'll go out for lunch and talk some more." Mr. Harrington smiled as Steve drank some coffee.

"That sounds great actually, I didn't get a lot of sleep last night. Thanks, Dad." Steve stood up while grabbing his coat. He wondered if his dad knew he was living with Billy, but recalling what he said about his apartment he knew he didn't. Depending on how tonight will go, he might tell him about Billy at lunch tomorrow.

With that Steve hurried home, grateful that his father was finally more understanding. Not realizing he broke his cardinal rule of never consuming anything given to him. Mr. Harrington couldn't stop

himself from sneering and quickly went to the men's bathroom.

Mr. Harrington checked every stall to make sure only one other person was in there, Mr. Louis. He didn't consider if someone was listening right through the slightly ajar door.

Billy noticed that terrible smirk on his face and felt something was wrong deep down. He didn't hesitate in following Mr. Harrington and listening in on his conversation.

"Did he drink it?" Mr. Louis started, "Yes he did, he was practically chugging it by the time he left the office." Mr. Harrington sounded cocky and Billy clenched his fists.

"Good, so how long will it take before he is ready for me?" Mr. Louis asked, and Billy could hear the sound of an envelope being pulled out.

"In about an hour, I wouldn't want him going into heat while walking down the street. Here is his apartment key, I made a couple since I am paying for it. Finally, he is good for something. Have fun Mr. Louis and remember to never speak a word about this to anyone." Mr. Harrington replied and Billy felt his blood boil.

He would love to just beat in his face, but he had more pressing issues to face. Steve was going to go into heat, and Billy needed to help him. He left without a word to anyone and made it back to his apartment in record time, he hoped he wasn't too late.

He flew open the door and found Steve cooking over a pot, startled to say the least. He locked the door and only then did he let out a sigh of relief.

"What are you doing here?" Steve called out to him, turning off the stove top and letting the pot sit. He slipped off his apron and walked towards Billy.

He glanced at the counter top and noticed the ingredients that littered the area, Steve was barely heating up olive oil by the look of things. Then he noticed the coffee cup that Steve reached for to take another drink from.

Without thinking Billy knocked it out of his hand and onto the floor, the contents spilling everywhere. "Dude, what the fuck?" Steve yelled and before he could move Billy told him.

"It's drugged, your dad sold you to Mr. Louis. Steve, you will be in heat in less than an hour," Billy watched as Steve opened his mouth, but said nothing.

"We need to get you somewhere safe before you lose control." Billy grabbed his wrist and Steve couldn't help, but let out a small gasp. Billy's smell started to intensify, and Steve couldn't deny how turned on his touch.

"Fuck, I am starting to feel it." Steve commented as he noticed Billy smelling the air around him. He started to feel warm, as if he was huddled under a bunch of blankets. Then all of a sudden his underwear was moistened by his slick, he had no control over how

much slide out of him.

Billy's touch has sent him straight into his heat, and Steve could feel the tingly sensation that tickled his spine and remained below his waist.

"Shit, shit, shit!" Billy growled as he could smell Steve, he could feel himself hardening in his pants as another wave of pheromones hit him. Steve bite his lips as more slick cascaded out of him from the sound of Billy's deep growl.

"I want you." Steve whispered out trying to get closer to Billy, but Billy shook his head. "No, I can't do that. Not when you are like this." Billy whined when he felt Steve gripped his erection through his pants.

"Please, I need it. Fuck, this wasn't how I planned it." Steve release his grip and gain his sanity for a minute. "Plan what?" Billy attempted to stabilize him by embedding his fingernails into his palms.

"Tonight, I wanted to tell you that I like you. Fucking ask if we could go out or something, fuck!" Steve pulled at his own hair, hating everything. His scent shifted from arousal to misery and it broke Billy's heart.

"Steve, you have no idea how much I fucking like you. So fucking much." Billy's alpha side wanted to plunge himself deep into Steve. Yet, Billy couldn't allow himself to do that unless Steve wanted it himself.

"Really?" Steve could feel his eyes tearing up, the omega within fighting him for control. "Fucking love you, damn it!" Billy yelled out, feeling a little embarrassed to say the least. He never told anyone he ever loved them, but Steve was the exception.

Steve was about to say something, but then came the horrible cramps. It felt as though a knife was slowly carving into him, he forgot how horrible abdominal cramps were.

"Please, fuck me. Billy, I need it. I want it and I want you. Please, help me." Steve couldn't stop himself from crying, this was pure agony. Billy finally giving in to his instinct kisses Steve, trying to be as gentle as he can be.

Steve has imagined what it would be like to kiss Billy, he assumed it would be filled to the brim with passion and lust. However, it felt soothing and almost teasing in a way. Steve let himself go and kissed back, wrapping his arms around Billy.

Billy held his hands on his waist, only moving them in a circular motion to calm Steve down. Steve feeling flustered about how slow Billy was going, bite on his bottom lip.

Not too hard, but hard enough to tell Billy he wanted to deepen the kiss. Billy opened his mouth and soon enough their tongues were fighting for dominance. Steve, feeling cheeky, pushed his thigh between Billy's leg and won for now. Billy lets out a gasp before he sneaked his hand behind Steve's pants.

Sliding into his underwear and feeling the wetness from his hole, Steve knew they had to move this to the bedroom. Without a word Steve pulled himself off of Billy's lips and took him by the hand into Billy's bedroom.

Once inside they both understood they needed to get naked as soon as possible. Billy basically ripped off their shirts, buttons flying everywhere. While Steve focused on removing their pants, it didn't take long before naked skin pressed against naked skin.

Steve groaned as Billy traced the rim with his finger, making Steve tremble in need. "Fuck, I wanna taste you. Get on the bed." Billy said in a low voice that sounded strained. Steve hopped onto the bed and presented himself to Billy.

On his knees and elbows Steve needed Billy to get inside of him, but felt excited at the idea of him tasting him. The bed dipped when Billy gets on, and without warning flipped Steve onto his back.

He gets between his legs and instantly starts lapping at his hole, Steve threw his head back with a loud groan. "I would love to bite your thighs before eating you out, fucking make you beg for my tongue. Watch you cum on yourself before I even get inside of you." Billy gasped out before going back to circle his tongue around the entrance.

Steve doesn't stop himself from gliding his fingers down his chest, teasing his own nipples for a bit before landing his hands on Billy's head. He massages his scalp while pushing him further into himself, the moans that leave Billy's lip made him leaving precum.

"I would lick the cum right off of you and made you hard again with my mouth. Fuck, you have no idea what you do to me." Billy gripped Steve's cock, licking his balls before sliding his tongue back down to his hole. He is thrusting his tongue into Steve making him pant aloud and beg over and over again.

"S-Stop talking and fuck me already!" Steve hissed out as he finally breached him with one finger. Licking any slick that slipped out of him while swiftly penetrating him, it doesn't take long before it becomes two fingers inside of him.

Billy scissored Steve a few times before hooking his fingers to find that one magical spot, the moment he pressed firmly on the spot Steve screamed out his first orgasm. Billy savored the taste of Steve's cum from his stomach before he returned to fingering Steve. It doesn't take more than a few minutes before Steve is hard again for Billy.

Billy lined his aching cock up to Steve's hole, thrusting in while simultaneously kissing him. Steve wrapped his legs around Billy's waist, silently demanding him to go faster. Billy swallowed down every little gasp, moan, and groan that slipped out of Steve.

The friction between Billy's abs and his cock is too much for Steve and he instantly cums with an strained whimper. Before Billy could even think about sliding out, Steve growled in his ear.

"Keep going, fucking keep going!" There are tears falling from his eyes, feeling him nod before continuing. Billy shoved his face into the crevice where his shoulder meets with his neck. Sucking and brushing his teeth against the scent glands, wanting to bite however knowing he shouldn't.

The sounds of slick skin slapping against slick skin would normally make Steve flustered, but in this moment all he wanted was more. The mewling noise he made on one particular thrust drove Billy to thrust brutally in, gripping hard against his thighs and leaving a couple of bruises.

It felt heavenly to have Billy inside of him, but he desired to have more. He knew what he want or better yet what he need and understood he must tell Billy. Steve licked his lips before he yanked Billy by the hair to face him, loving the feral look on his face.

"You can bite me, and knot me. I-I really want it, Billy." Steve spoke up and with a low growl Billy bites down on Steve. His thrusts becoming rougher and faster as he slides his tongue between the flesh his teeth surrounds.

Steve gave out a loud whimper as his Billy's cock started to throb and quickly expand, he never felt a knot before. This doesn't stop Billy from giving him shallow thrusts, sometimes pulling back too close to his rim before hitting that special bud within Steve.

Billy started to muttered things such as "Mine, my omega." over and over again. Steve whispered back to him "Yours, alpha." and loved the wide eyed look he gave before affectionately kissing him.

Without much thought Steve himself bite deep against Billy's neck, making the alpha howl in both pain and pleasure. And with that Billy finally climaxes giving Steve one particularly harsh thrust that forced him to cum alongside with him.

Exhausted to say the least, Billy maneuvered himself to lay behind Steve. His knot throbbing within the omega, and held him close to his chest. On instinct Billy is rubbing small circles against Steve's waist, hearing his mate purr before they both drifted off to sleep.

Back at the office Mr. Harrington didn't think much about Mr. Thompson leaving work early, he has done that a lot recently. He planned to take his wife on vacation with the money, and possibly buy a new car.

He had a lot of plans now that he had control, Mr. Louis promised to give him a raise and a higher position. Now he can get back at Mr. Thompson for all the humiliating and deeming stuff he has made him do over the months.

Still, that wasn't the main reason why he was happy that day. He just couldn't wait until he heard the good news, after all the coffee had a fertility boost along with the aphrodisiac.

6. To be okay.

Summary for the Chapter:

Sorry this took for long to update, the stomach flu is the worse! Hopefully you are satisfied with how I punished Mr. Harrington and if you like this story don't forget to subscribe and comment. I do read every single comment and I am glad that most of you like this story. So here we go, some smut and some justice!

Steve woke up an hour later, wrapped around Billy's arm. The room smelled like a mixture of musk and sex, which sounded appalling however Steve personally loved it. It meant that Billy was his alpha, and no one else could take that away from him.

He shifted himself away from Billy, shivers caressed his spine as he felt Billy's cum dripped out of him. It felt odd to say the least, that part of him tingled and left him feeling empty.

"Steve." Billy mumbled as he used his own body to surround Steve with his scent, making Steve gasp as his erection brushed against his inner thighs. He was not used to this, sex normally wasn't this intense, yet he couldn't help himself from grinding against the cock.

Billy nuzzled Steve's neck, switching between nipping at the mark he left and leaving gentle kisses. Steve hissed out in slight discomfort from the mark, it barely started to scab over and was raw to say the least.

Billy backed off the area and instead pressed kisses onto his shoulder, purring in happiness. He started to tease Steve's chest with his hands, massaging his pecs and pinching his nipples until one particularly hard tug made Steve whined.

"Fuck, Billy." Steve licked his lips as he folded his own hands over his, using his thumbs to rub small circles to encourage him to do more. He wondered if the aphrodisiacs were still in his system or if the bonding has made him extra sensitive to Billy's touch.

"Love it when you say my name." He replied with a gruff voice before kissing Steve on the lips. Billy could do this for hours, teasing and caressing every inch of Steve in their bed. He pondered on what other types of sounds he could pull from his lips, sounds that he would only hear for now on.

Steve loved Billy's hands, but he needed some relief right then and there. "Put it in." Steve demanded Billy when they finally broke free from their heated kiss. He sounded a bit needy, maybe even a little bratty, but Steve didn't really care. He just needed Billy right then and there again.

Billy's delayed reaction forced Steve to reach for his arching cock and situated it near his entrance. Billy couldn't even utter a moan before Steve pressed himself against the hard member, both groaning about the stretch.

"Like this?" Billy whispered as he started to move his hips back and forth. He pressed a kiss against his head before deeply thrusting into Steve, wishing he could see his face as moans spewed out of the both of them. Steve felt his eyes water up, it was too much and too little at the same time.

He no longer leaked out slick making this feel rough, yet something about the pain and pleasure made him begging for more. Billy on the other hand noticed this and decided to slip out of Steve.

"Hey!" Steve frowned before Billy pushed him to lay on his back. He got situated between his legs, and it didn't take a genius to realize what he was about to do.

"Whoa, wait! That is kind of," Steve started as he sat up on the bed. Billy laughed, "A couple of hours ago I had my cock inside you, and now you are hesitant about my tongue?"

Steve knew he was blushing, but continued, "Yeah, that was when we both were sort of out of it. Now I am just gross and it is really embarrassing to have you do the thing."

"It's called rimming, Sweetheart. And you are not gross, fuck you are gorgeous. If you don't want to then that's fine with me." Billy replied

at first teasing before sounding more understanding. Now Steve definitely knew the aphrodisiacs were out of his system, but he still wanted Billy.

Biting his lips Steve laid back down, planting his feet in order to raise his lower half. He wrapped his arms under himself and pulled his cheeks open for Billy.

The position left him feeling vulnerable for a couple of seconds before he felt Billy between his legs again. "Fucking perfect." Billy whispered to himself as he inspected Steve's hole.

Using his own thumbs to pry open the entrance more, Billy watched his own cum seeping out of the abused hole before licking it clean. He wasted no time in lapping and continuously worked his tongue in and out to force of Steve. The mewling noise that slipped from Steve's lip was music to his ear and the alpha within howled in delight.

He wrapped his dominant hand around Steve's cock, stroking the shaft a couple of times before caressing the tip with his thumb. Feeling Steve's legs start to tremble out of pleasure and usage, Billy couldn't help but grin at his body.

Steve eventually couldn't hold himself up any longer and collapsed onto the bed. Pouting to himself when Billy's tongue is no longer inside, he turned his attention to his cock and stroke himself as Billy gathered some supplies.

Now Billy could of used his own arms to hold him up, but he believed it to be the perfect time to grab the lube. He already licked Steve clean from any slick or cum from within and knew they would need it if they were going to go at it again.

He opened his drawer and pulled out a condom before Steve commented as he stopped touching himself, "I am on suppressant so you know I won't get pregnant right?" Billy sets the condom back down into the drawer with a smirk, it was common knowledge that omegas on suppressants could almost never get pregnant.

The chemicals within the medicine prevented it even if aphrodisiacs were used, this is why most omegas regularly take it. Sort of liked

when average females used birth control, there is only a few days of heat before the suppressants go back to work.

"Yeah, I guess you really love the feeling of having me cum deep inside." Billy huskily replied as he popped the cap off, letting the lube slick his fingers before going back to Steve. He was trying to get Steve flustered, but instead Steve smirked.

"First time feeling it, now I can't get enough. Give me more, Billy." Steve rolled his hips towards Billy, silently commanding him to continue. He doesn't miss the growl that Billy tried to smother, instead he adored how beastly Billy got in bed.

"You really are something," Billy commented as he prepped Steve with the slicked finger, and it doesn't take long before three fingers are in.

"Love how ready you are for me, babe." Billy mumbled out as he took a second to poured some lube onto himself, hissing at the cold feeling before rubbing it in. He gave Steve no warning before he drove himself in, no easing into his blunt movements.

Steve had his fingernails deep into his shoulders, and his legs wrapped around his waist. It was safe for Billy to assume he had no complaints about how rough he was fucking.

"So good, so good." Steve cried out after he finally found his voice, Billy grunted a bit before pressing his lips against Steve's neck. His tongue was sliding over the mark again and this time it was enough to bring Steve over the edge.

"Fuck, oh fuck!" Steve whined out as he clenched around Billy, and threw his head back as the pleasure overtook him. Seeing Steve like that beneath him, fucked out the alpha explained, brought Billy to his own release.

Billy made sure to pull out and cuddle Steve, he just wanted to hold him right now. Eventually the both caught their breaths and Billy spoke up first.

"We should probably take a shower and then talk about all of this."

He sighed into Steve's neck. They both needed to seriously take a moment to talk about their relationship and what to do about his father.

"Yeah, that's a good idea, however I don't know if I can really stand long enough for me to get clean." Steve confessed, feeling the smirk against his skin. He groaned to himself and prepared himself for the teasing that was about to occur.

"I fucked you real good, huh? Do you need a little help, Princess?" Billy smugly said and Steve swore he was to get back at him later. "I swear to God I am gonna deck you if you don't help me." Steve rolled his eyes as he turned his head to face Billy.

"Of course I'll help you, but you have to say please." Billy started before Steve frowned, "Could you please stop being an ass and help me take a shower?"

"Well, since you asked so nicely." Billy said before he helped them both out of bed and into the shower. It didn't take long before they both were squeaky clean and ready to have a conversation.

"So, now that we are bonded I think we should set rules for each other." Steve started as he started to clean up the mess in the kitchen.

Billy was sort of distracted, Steve was wearing one of his shirts and it definitely was too big on him. His collarbone wasn't helping him concentrate especially when his damp hair supplied water to dripped down the damn area. And the mark really stood out against the flesh and made him swell with pride.

He snapped out of it when Steve started to clap loudly to gain his attention, "Were you listening at all?" Billy blinked a bit before nodding, "Rules, relationship, and reckoning. We should really do something about your father."

"Yeah, he really tried to sold me off to the highest bidder. However, I was saying that I will continue working as your secretary and just use scent blockers. That way no one has any idea who my mate really is." Steve pointed out.

"Sounds good, especially since no one knows what you truly smell like. I can go around smelling like you because if I go on blockers than people will definitely connect the dots." Billy smiled, imaging the mark once it properly healed. No more alpha admirers trying to come between them.

"Great, now that is sorted out we can discuss what to do about my father. He wanted to go to lunch tomorrow, probably to see if I am actually bonded or not. He tricked me when I was at my weakest," Steve mumbled and he could fill the rage that Billy felt.

"I'll kill him, I'll fucking kill him!" Billy hated how sad his mate felt, he needed to assure him no one was ever going to harm him again.

Steve instantly tried to calm his lover down, "Then you'll go to jail and I can't have that. Why don't you calm down then we can figure out what to do?" Steve held onto his hand and brought it up to his face to nuzzle it.

"Wait, you said jail how about we throw that bastard in the slammer?" Billy explained before Steve sighed. "I mean, cases like these would result in maybe a couple of months in jail and even then we need evidence to convict him. Plus my father still has some connections and he probably just buy himself out."

Billy hasn't felt this angry since he was a teenager, he just had to come up with the perfect plan. Then all of a sudden it came to him, "Steve, I have a plan and I need you to go to that lunch tomorrow. Also, I need to call your mother since she needs to be in on this."

"What are you going to do?" Steve asked as Billy started to call certain people that he knew, "I am going to give that asshole what he deserves."

The next day the sky was bright and blue and Mr. Harrington thought it was nice to take a walk down to the cafe that Steve told him that morning. He couldn't wait until he saw his son finally becoming useful for him, and sure enough there he was sitting near the back.

"Hey, Dad." Steve commented as he got closer to the table. Mr.

Harrington couldn't stop himself from smiling at the bonding mark that peeked underneath his collar.

"Are you feeling better?" He asked, pretending that he had no idea what happened. Steve nodded, "Yeah it turned out my heat was just coming soon. I guess those preheats are just another way for nature to tell me that it was time to settle down."

"Oh, really? The way you are saying it sounds like you might have something to tell me." Mr. Harrington wondered if he should buy some Dom Per Champagne later for himself.

"Well, I bonded and I just thought you should meet my mate as soon as possible." Steve clenched his hand, Billy's rage was filling him again.

"Wow, you don't say? Is he here then?" Mr. Harrington decided to have a party with the champagne later. "Oh, why he is coming over right now!" Steve for once honestly smiled as his father stood up to greet the man.

"Mr. Louis, what a surprise!" Mr. Harrington turned around and face Billy holding two cups in his hands. He will never forget how his face changed from smug to confused to concerned in an instant.

"What? Were you expecting Mr. Louis to be the one to nab Steve?" Billy smirked. "Honey, did you get me that chamomile tea?" Steve asked, pretending to act innocent about his father's plan.

"Right here, Princess." Billy sat next to his mate, planting a kiss on his cheek as he set down the tea before him. For some reason or another Steve stomach didn't feel too great, but he couldn't miss this.

"You, um you are his mate." Mr. Harrington mentally said goodbye to that weekend in the Hampton as he took his seat.

"Yes, I caught Steve right before he was leaving to ask about how the numbers were doing. And when he wasn't feeling too great I took him to my place and well one thing leads to another." Billy explained as he wrapped his arm around Steve.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" Mr. Harrington exploded, he gripped his hair as he

turned his attention towards Steve.

"This isn't how it was supposed to happen! You were going to be a good little omega and get fucked by Mr. Louis. Now you are telling me you are fucking bonded and pregnant with this asshole's baby!" Mr. Harrington didn't care people were staring, he needed to tell the happy couple how far this relationship ran.

"Wait, pregnant? Dad, I know you fucking put aphrodisiacs in that coffee but I am on suppressants!" Steve growled out as Mr. Harrington started to laugh.

"Oh, my stupid little boy! You didn't know? Fertility boosters certainly outweighs the chemicals in your suppressants. I hope you are ready to be a mommy!" Mr. Harrington was acting like a crazy person as Steve placed his hand over his stomach.

"I think that is enough!" A voice called out and Mr. Harrington faced his own wife, with her shoulder pads and pearl earrings. There was a sense of fury that filled the room the moment she came charging in.

"Harold, did you get my baby knocked up for personal gain?" Mrs. Harrington said slowly, drawing fear from her own mate. Steve knew all Hell was going to break loose, but he couldn't look away.

"Well," Mr. Harrington started and knew he sealed his fate right then and there. Mrs. Harrington slapped him across the face, but felt like that wasn't enough and started to hit him with her purse.

From the outside you would assume that a purse wouldn't hurt, but when it is filled with a brick heavy phone it didn't take long before he went down. He tried to protect himself by covering his head, but that left his stomach open and vulnerable.

Mrs. Harrington didn't think twice before she landed two heavy kicks to the gut before finally taking a moment to breath. She checked her make up in her compact mirror and then started talking again.

"Mr. Thompson, I am so happy to meet you. And may I say I am glad you were the one my Stevie choose!" She stepped over her husband to shake hands with Billy.

"Likewise Mrs. Harrington. I assume you have considered what we talked about on the phone." Billy shook her hand, inside he was shocked about the pregnancy however they had another thing to address.

"Of course! I am proud to be working under you and now that I know I am going to be a grandmother I hope a wedding is in order. Don't worry about a thing I will pay for everything, and by pay I mean my husband." Mrs. Harrington laughed.

Steve couldn't believe that no matter how old he has gotten his mother still found ways to embarrass him. This is worse than the time she actually made it to one of his basketball games and screamed about her baby playing throughout the night.

"Well, then I guess I will just call you Mom while outside of work. And how about Mr. Harrington pays half because it is going to be hard to raise money for a wedding while house arrest." Billy smirked as Mr. Harrington finally stood up.

"What are you talking about?" He asked as Mrs. Harrington smiled. "Oh, haven't you heard? You are being arrested within the next hour and since you are a criminal then the company doesn't want you working for them any longer. Since a position is being open, Mr. Thompson thought it would be nice if I took over instead. Your omega wife is now going to be the bread winner and things are going to change."

There are a couple of ways to ruin the ego of any selfish alpha, but Billy picked the worse way to do it. The old way of thinking looked down on families where the omegas made more than the alpha partner. Plus the fact that he probably won't be able to obtain another high level position job again due to his illegal practices. The cherry on top is how Mrs. Harrington promised to make him basically the omega of the house.

Being under house arrest meant that he would be the one waiting for his omega every single day. He had to do the dishes, clean the house, and do the cooking for now on. He seemed to be given a weak excuse for a punishment, but in his mind it is the worst kind of infliction an alpha could face.

"I just can't wait until the Christmas party! Having all of your old friends see how much you have fallen." Mrs. Harrington commented as the gravity of the situation slammed into Mr. Harrington.

"You can't do this! You have no evidence." He yelled at all of them. Steve scowled at him, "You literally confessed to multiple witnesses and we also have Mr. Louis testimony if you think that isn't enough. I mean his reputation is ruined and all, but the promise of a lesser punishment was enough for him to squeal about the arrangement."

"As if he is getting a lesser punishment, I scheduled him to have an omega judge who probably won't take his crimes very nicely." Billy sneered while imagining the look on his face in court.

"Oh, look the cops are here. Over here, boys!" Mrs. Harrington waved at the officers that walked into the cafe. They didn't question anything and swiftly took Mr. Harrington into custody.

"Well, since that is taken care of let's talk about wedding arrangements! I feel like we should do it before your tummy gets big, Sweetie. No son of mine is having pictures prove he had a shotgun wedding." Mrs. Harrington smiled as Billy held onto Steve's hand. Everything was going to be okay, they were going to be okay.

After the meeting in the cafe finally was over, Steve and Billy returned home to talk about the new revelation. Steve couldn't stop himself from crying once the front door was closed.

"Steve, I know that everything is messed up and I didn't want it to be like this but," Billy started before cursing to himself and hugging his mate. Steve welcomed the embrace, feeling warm and safe.

"I know, fuck me too. Billy, we are going to have a baby." Steve spoke up, his voice somewhat hoarse. All of these emotions came racing towards him from Billy, but none of them were dread.

"Do you think I am going to be a good father?" Billy asked and for once the strong confident voice was replaced with a terrified whisper. Steve felt his fear and worry, but knew that in the end Billy would never harm their child.

"Yes. I really do think you'll be the greatest father ever." Steve didn't have to explain because they both had this level of understanding between them. They felt whole and for once in their lives they comprehended what they were missing.

"We'll turn the guest room into a nursery, wait maybe we should buy a house instead. I'll sell my watches and car to save up for it." Billy started to think, but Steve shut him up with a kiss.

"Don't worry, for the time being we can remain here. Save up the money and since you are no longer going to night clubs to drink we can save for the baby. Fuck, I really love you." Steve murmured as they stopped for a moment.

"Fuck, me too. I love you and now you are going to birth my child." Billy hesitantly raised his hand to touch Steve's stomach, acting as if any harsh movement would hurt what they created.

"Is it weird that even though it is going really fast, I am sort of happy about it all?" Steve pondered as he placed his hand over Billy's, assuring him that it is alright to touch.

"So weird, and honestly I feel the same way." Billy confessed aloud even though Steve already knew the answer. At least they had nine months to figure out everything, but they were going to be married within the next three months.

"Well, we are already bonded so marriage isn't really that big of a deal." Steve just realized as his mark itched. Then again he was going to have to invite the gang to the wedding and definitely their parents. Great, Nancy and Dustin both are going to have a blast at nagging him.

"I can't wait for the honeymoon, didn't you say you bought lipstick to seduce me with?" Billy somehow remembered and Steve laid his head between Billy's shoulder.

"Not another word or else I am not going to try it on for you." Steve grumbled into his shoulder, feeling Billy's whole body chuckle at the threat. Yeah, they were certainly going to be okay.

7. Planning.

Summary for the Chapter:

Sorry it took so long! I had to take care of certain things, hopefully you enjoy it! Don't be afraid to ask me any questions, I always enjoy hearing from any of you.

The next couple of months before the wedding were filled with planning, scheduling, and arguing. No, Steve wasn't arguing with Billy, but instead he had to fight his mother over certain aspects of their wedding.

"I don't want Peter Pan collars on any of the dresses, Max will wring my neck mother!" Steve groaned over the phone, he was helping Billy set up the crib.

Billy chuckled to himself about the comment as he lifted the crib to the correct position, Steve found it easier to screw in the bolts while it laid on it's side.

The room was almost done, and they picked a pastel yellow to decorate the room. They honestly had no idea the gender of the child, but that really didn't matter to them. All they wanted was a healthy child.

"We don't need a box of Godiva chocolates, I am already getting fat!" Steve knew he sounded dramatic, but he blamed it on the hormones. He already gained five pounds from all of the stress eating and fancy dinners Billy took him to.

He had to call each person he wanted from Hawkins to tell them about the wedding, and Dustin basically screamed into the phone when he found out about it.

It was a roller coaster of emotions from the boy, and Steve decided it was better to have Max give him the details since he hanged up after two minutes of Steve trying to explain to him. That was only last week and Steve pondered if he was going to make it.

"Babe, you are not fat!" Billy rolled his eyes as he hanged up the spinning top over the crib. He tested it out the music and for a couple of seconds watched the animals move in a circle.

"Shut up! I am talking to my mother." Steve frowned as he walked out of the room. They had less than a week before the wedding therefore all they needed were RSVP's and last minute touches.

"Honey, why don't you let me take care of this? I know how much you love chocolate my little butterball." His mother used her baby voice again.

"Yeah, and remember how fat I was in middle school because of it? How about you set it on the dessert table for everyone to enjoy?" Steve felt a headache coming as they kept talking about this.

"I remember, why else would I call you my little butterball? I have to go, but I will call you tomorrow to go over the seating plans." His mother made a couple of kissing noises before hanging up. Steve sighed as he walked back to the nursery.

"So, what do you think? I am pretty handy for an alpha." Billy asked as he gestured towards the room. Steve took a second to take it all in, he was going to have a baby.

It truly was an awe-inspiring moment, then he felt Billy's hand on his ass. His partner gave him a quick squeeze before planting multiple kisses on his neck.

"And pretty handsy too." Steve joked as he gave Billy a kiss on the lips. Billy has gotten quite possessive lately, but personally Steve loved it.

Originally when they went back to work Billy didn't cover up their combined smell, but that changed once other alphas started to make comments about it.

"Must be a pretty little omega, right? Probably dripping when you bonded, definitely a high class type." Jerome from accounting was quickly reassigned to the worse office and lost multiple benefits right after that.

Now, that stopped other alphas from talking about his mate yet Billy felt rage whenever they tried to get a whiff of it. They wanted to badly know who he mated, and no one batted an eye at Steve.

To ensure no one connected the dots before the wedding, Billy made it company policy that all omegas wore scent blockers. A rule that many omegas wanted for a long time.

The business gained praise when they started to provide suppressants along with the scent blockers, and saw a rise in applications. Ensuring a safe space for omegas, and proper co-worker relationships.

Alphas would be given punishment for messing around with employees, even Billy could get in trouble if he wasn't careful. However, he had nothing to worry about since Steve stopped working

there for over a week now.

Steve has been spending his time with his mother, coordinating for the big day along with preparing for the baby. Even though he had more than seven months before the delivery Steve needed to set everything up.

Instead of buying Steve luxurious gifts, Billy started to gift him baby clothing and a wide range of toys. He always enjoyed how happy Steve looked whenever he opened up one of the boxes.

From time to time he will buy Steve something nice from flowers to stuff animals that littered their own bed. Billy has never been this madly in love before and promised himself to be the best partner he could be.

Billy deepen the kiss and moved his hand towards Steve's stomach, taking a moment to marvel at his mate.

"Billy," Steve gasped out as Billy then moved his hands lower to the erection in Steve's pants. Since the bonding it didn't take much to make Steve hard and wet for Billy.

"Beautiful, sweetheart." Billy murmured as he nipped at the bonding mark. Steve couldn't hide his whine as his hands slipped under his pants to tease him.

"Fuck, let's go to bed." Steve whimpered as Billy reached under his balls to trace his rim. Billy loved how wet Steve got for him and pulled his hands back in order to carry Steve bridal style to their room.

"Sure thing, Princess." Billy winked and smirked as he set his fiancée down on the bed. That's the thing about Steve, he could make even an old pair of shorts look good.

"Well, I am not going to be the only one naked." Steve said after he slipped off all article of clothing and turned his attention to Billy. He unbuckled his belt and smiled as he pulled down the jeans.

"You don't have to tell me twice." Billy chuckled as he threw his own t-shirt across the room. Steve didn't hesitate in gripping the erection

in front of him.

Billy would never admit this, but Steve was sort of bratty in bed. He would whine and groan if Billy started to tease, and yet he loved to push Billy's buttons.

"Why don't you give it to me hard?" Steve asked as he released the cock and laid down on the bed. He made himself comfortable on the mountain of pillows and demanded to be serviced right then and there.

"Can't wait for it, huh?" Billy smiled as he licked his teeth, making Steve remember how he used to do that all the time in high school.

There is that passion in his eyes and Steve couldn't help himself from letting out a small moan from the back of his throat. He had fantasies back in the day, imaging what it would be like if Billy just took him on the gym floor.

Those type of make-believe was always a secret he kept to himself, that only came out when he couldn't sleep or needed to get off. And now it was his reality, he needed more right then and there.

"You know I can't." Steve replied as Billy got between his legs, resting his hands on his thighs. In the moment Steve remembered the feeling of the cool gym floor on his back.

He recalled how the fall made his ass throb a bit and how close Billy got when he whispered those things to him. Yet it warped into the position they were in right there.

Billy between his legs as he laid on the floor, feeling the heat coming off of him after their practice. His calloused hands would pull off his shorts leaving him bare for only Billy to see.

"Me neither." Billy confessed as he pushed one finger into Steve forcing out another moan from him. Steve closed his eyes as his imagination collides with what was happening to him.

Yet Billy started to kiss him, which broke his fantasy and made him focus on lifting his hips for more. Back then Steve saw Billy as someone who definitely wouldn't kiss as he fucked or care to show

any affection at all.

Steve wrapped his arms around Billy, enjoying the feeling of being held as another finger breached him. He loved how perfect Billy was to him, always the right amount of rough and somehow tender when they made love.

"Put it in already!" Steve huffed as Billy brushed against the bundle of nerves that sent a pleasant shiver down his spine. Billy muttered something before he thrust himself all the way in, kissing Steve's neck as his lover groaned.

Steve doesn't have to whine for Billy before he is shoving himself back and forth in a vicious pace, making Steve moan his little heart out for him.

Billy can't get enough of watching himself go in and out of Steve, it added more pleasure as he knew that only he could take Steve like this. In the back of his head he recalled how much he imagined Steve as he touched himself back in high school.

From the moment he saw those eyes, Billy knew he was screwed. It didn't help that he also had a clear idea what he looked like in the showers. Back then there was this guilt that washed over him after he climaxed while thinking about Steve.

Even when he was watching a porno, the idea that pushed his over the edge to orgasm was Steve being under him. That fear and culpability made him anger at his poor object of affection.

A part of him is glad he didn't approach Steve in that way back then, he would of definitely ruined any chance of a relationship. Still he can't help but to imagine what it would be like if he did.

To be back in the school's showers fucking Steve roughly against the tile, watching him force his moans to be quiet. Covering Steve's mouth as they both heard footsteps in the locker room, but still ramming himself inside.

However, he knew those fantasies were nothing compared to the real deal. To see Steve smile at him and hold each other afterwards really

made Billy confront those feeling from back then.

He just wanted Steve to see him, and now they saw each other.

Billy watched Steve come undone as he stroked his cock a couple of times before feeling the warm substance on his skin. To see such a thing was enough for him to cum with a strangled groan, he definitely had a thing for his eyes.

Billy pulled himself out of Steve and cuddled his mate as they both tried to catch their breath. Steve is panting heavily as he rolled onto his side to face Billy.

They don't say anything at first, smiling at each other in the silence and enjoy the moment.

The next day Billy is woken up by the muffled music playing outside the room, he smirked as he slid out of the bed. He grabbed his favorite robe as he walked to the kitchen.

He watched as Steve sang along to Wham! and ironically enough it was "Wake me up before you go-go."

Steve had a fat stack of pancakes and continued to flip another one as he bobbed his head to the beat. The movement of his hair as he dance made Billy chuckle.

"Morning! I warned you, didn't I?" Steve unabashedly continued to dance as he placed the last pancake onto the plate.

"You did, and nothing would of prepared me for this." Billy joked as he grabbed a cup of coffee, by now Steve understood how to fill it up for the both of them.

"Today is the day they should be arriving." Steve explained as he lowered the volume on the radio. Billy could feel his nervousness and fear as he tapped his finger against the counter.

"Don't worry, everything will be fine. We'll pick them up from the airport then take them to make sure all of the tuxes and dresses fit." Billy went over to rub Steve's shoulder.

"Then have the wild and crazy bachelor party?" Steve joked as he calmed down a bit, leaning into Billy's touch.

"The wildest." Billy grinned as he smacked Steve's ass.

Mrs. Harrington is waiting at the airport before the couple arrived, waving at them from the airport cafe. Turns out the plane has a small delay, but luckily that means Steve can mentally prepare himself more.

"Honey, don't worry so much. Just enjoy yourself today, we'll all go out to eat dinner and have a great time." Mrs. Harrington reapplied her lipstick after finishing her coffee.

"I know Mom, but it's just that it has been years since I saw all of them and now I am getting married." Steve mumbled as he picked at his parfait.

"How's Dad doing?" Steve needed to shift the topic to something else. His mother laughed as she closed her lipstick.

"He is doing terrible, he can't whine to me or else everyone will hear about it. It's quite funny actually, he turned meek in an instant." Mrs. Harrington smiled.

"Will he make it to the wedding?" Billy inquired as he scowled at an alpha glancing at Steve. He made sure to wrap his arm around Steve's waist as the other alpha broke eye contact first.

"Oh, I am forcing him to be there. He is paying for half of it so he might as well see where the money is going." Mrs. Harrington smirked to herself as she checked her watch and sure enough it was time to go.

They only waited a few minutes outside the gate before familiar faces emerged and for now all of his anxiety vanished. Nancy came running to him first, hugging her ex-boyfriend that she hasn't seen since senior year.

Jonathan followed behind her, holding onto her stuff and watching them embrace. Nancy quickly noted the ring on his finger before smiling at him.

"Steve, I can't believe you are getting married. That ring is huge!" She exclaimed before noticing Billy. She heard about what he did in the past, but the way Steve described him on the phone she now knew that he changed.

"Hi, I am Nancy. I heard so much about you." She shook Billy's hand while Jonathan nodded at Steve. Steve felt Billy's worry, but it was washed away when Nancy didn't hesitate in acknowledging him.

Hopper came in, helping Joyce with her carry on and patting Steve on the back while Joyce hugged him. Nancy caught up with Mrs. Harrington as Steve introduced Billy to Hopper and Joyce.

Then finally the group came to them, finally being teenagers Steve noted the long hair Jane had. Mike held onto her hand as Steve showed her his ring. Will walked beside them and politely greeted both Billy and Steve.

"Sparkly, he must really love you then." Jane grinned before looking at Billy, she nodded at him before Mike frowned at Billy. Turned out he was still uncertain about their relationship.

Max was the first person to talk to Billy first, she nudged him as Lucas waved. Billy tousled her hair and laughed as she playfully pushed his hand off of her head.

Dustin was the last person and for a moment they stared at each other from across the gate. Dustin took a breath in before charging at Steve and giving him a bear hug.

They have all grown since the last time Steve had seen them, but now he basically didn't have to look down to make eye contact. It felt odd, almost like he realized how long it has actually been since he last saw Dustin.

"So, you are an omega who is marrying Billy," Dustin started before Max interrupted with, "You should of seen him curse the moment he found out."

"It was a lot to take in!" Dustin argued as Steve laughed and said, "Great to see you again, dork. We have a lot of catching up to do."

It didn't take long before they were split into groups and driven to the high-end bridal shop. The sales associate eyed the rumbustious teenagers, but Mrs. Harrington glare stopped her from saying anything.

"We have an appointment for fitting." Mrs. Harrington pulled out the consultation card as she glanced up and down at the employee.

"I'll handle it, Rebecca why don't you take a break?" The manager came by once she realized who Mrs. Harrington was. The girl quickly nodded and left before anyone could say a thing.

"Sorry about that, she is new. Now you have dresses and tuxes you picked out, let me get fitting rooms for all of you. Would you want any champagne or sparkling water while you wait?" She offered.

"No, it's fine. I think champagne would be great, and if you have it some juice for the kids." Mrs. Harrington watched as multiple employees came up to serve the drinks.

Dustin glanced at the champagne in one of the server's tray and before anyone could do anything about it, Dustin gulped it down. Instantly he coughed at the bubbles and gagged a little bit at the taste.

"Dustin, don't do that!" Steve turned to scold the teenager while everyone had a great little chuckle.

After that they were taken to the fitting rooms, everyone tried on their outfits. Max groaned at the teal color and glared at Billy who laughed about it.

"I am going for a Tiffany and Company color scheme, the color looks perfect on you." Mrs. Harrington explained as she gestured to her own teal dress.

Dustin pulled at the tie he was wearing while Mike kept complementing Jane. Hopper beamed at his daughter as he watched her spin in a circle for everyone to see.

Will and Lucas chatted as the manager came in with a group of tailors, one for every person there. Steve huffed to himself as it

reminded him when Billy got him tailored suits.

Billy winked at his fiancée as if he knew what he was thinking, and that moment Steve felt happy he wasn't alone anymore.

The whole measuring and estimating took about an hour and the manager promised the clothing would be finished by tomorrow. Mrs. Harrington nodded and took Steve to glance at the jewelry at the bridal shop as the final alterations were being planned.

"Mom, why are we looking at this? Billy has given me enough jewelry to last a lifetime." Steve sighed as his mother held diamond necklaces against his collarbone.

"Has he given you a diamond necklace? Or how about earrings? Steven, you need to wear them or else it looks like you don't care about the gifts." His mother noted as she placed the necklace down.

Jane glanced at the jewelry and Steve nodded at her, granting her permission to try the piece on. Nancy was also viewing other parts of the collection as Steve rolled his eyes.

"Did you just roll your eyes at me?" His mother hissed, and Steve panicked and tried to explain himself. "Sorry, it must be the hormones Mom! I am feeling tired from all of the planning"

Mrs. Harrington frowned, but accepted his apology. She pulled out a heavily jeweled diamond necklace that replicated flowers with tiny leaves.

"Fine, but you are getting this. It's my gift to you." Mrs. Harrington smirked as Steve groaned. If that wasn't an indication about how over the top the wedding was going to be, then he didn't know what else could be.

8. Only you.

Summary for the Chapter:

We finally reach the wedding! I think I have one more chapter for this before I start part 2 in the series. Thank you for reading my work and I hope you enjoy this chapter too!

The next few days flew by as Steve made sure everything was perfect before the big day, and before he knew it his wedding was tomorrow.

He sat on his bed and stared at the suit he would be wearing, shocked to say the least about how fast it felt. He pondered how his high school self would feel about marrying Billy.

Yet he understood that the past was the past and they should look towards the future. He laid there for a couple of minutes, missing the warmth of his alpha.

He hated his mother chose to have the wedding had nice rooms, but every bed felt worthless without Billy. He looked forward to being reunited, but for now they both stayed in different rooms.

There was a knock at the door that forced Steve to finally get up and answer it. Once he pulled open the door a flood of flowers busted into the room.

His mother and the rest of the female wedding party were holding the red roses, carnations, and wrapped presents. Steve needed a cup of coffee or something to help him get through this.

"Sweetie, don't tell me you forgot about our brunch?" His mother asked as Steve shook his head. He recalled the brunch, and the spa they were going to afterwards.

"Of course not, Mom. Let me guess these are all from Billy?" Steve smiled as his mother handed him a letter. Steve read it silently to himself, blushing at how much Billy missed him.

"He was pretty annoying about it too. Wanted you to see the roses

first before reading the letter, as if that made a difference." Max rolled her eyes as she set the vase down.

"Oh, Honey that is how alphas are. They say omegas are fussy, but alphas are worse!" Mrs. Harrington chuckled to herself. Steve knew she was talking about his father, but decided not to overthink it.

"So, are you going to open these gifts before we head out or what?" Nancy joked as she pointed at the mountain of presents. Steve shrugged before his mother shoved one box into his hands.

"You definitely have to or I am going to worry." Mrs. Harrington words were law, and Steve knew he was getting a couple of cups of coffee instead of just one.

"Fine, but one present. I don't want the brunch to become a regular lunch." He joked as he tore open the packaging, and inside was a tiara. Diamond encrusted with a tiny note that read, "For my favorite Princess."

Steve immediately shut the box and couldn't stop blushing. The last time they had sex before the room separation, Billy wouldn't stop using the term of endearment in bed.

Especially when Steve was riding him, he could easily recall Billy's lips brushing against his ear as he murmured "A Princess like you deserves a crown or better yet a tiara."

Steve glanced at the pile of boxes, and had a feeling the gifts were not family friendly. His mother must of sense this and quickly placed the interest on where they were going.

Steve didn't know if he was glad or horrified at the realization, but if he had to guess he would assume it was both.

Everyone was at the brunch, Mrs. Harrington made it mandatory for the gang to all be there. Dustin sat between Billy and Steve, glaring at Billy a little bit.

Even though Dustin said he was alright with Billy, he acted like a father trying to scare his daughter's date. Steve couldn't help, but chuckle at how visibly frustrated Billy looked at the action.

Max, wearing a yellow dress, threw a couple of blueberries at Dustin. Not caring that they were her appetizer and was about to fling grapes before Mrs. Harrington looked at her.

Billy grinned at his sister for somewhat trying to help him, and Steve felt glad their relationship was better than he last remembered. Dustin continued to frown at Billy, yet he stopped once Steve tapped his shoulder.

"Dude, could you not?" Steve's eyes said and with that Dustin finally stopped glaring. He instead focused on the bow tie his mother packed for him, tugging at it while waiting for some food.

Dustin forgot about the discomfort once the waffles arrived at the table, and basically everyone at the table were just as excited. Steve loved a good pancake, but there was something about a crisp waffle that made his mouth water.

The table had plates filled with pastries, eggs, and bacon ensuring that everyone had as much as they wanted. Steve and Dustin both equally stuffed their mouths with a cinnamon rolls and donuts.

Billy watched Steve enjoy the food, wishing he was sitting next to him in order to hold his hand. Even though Dustin looked ridiculous trying to eat that much, Steve looked cute as he munched on another treat.

Billy knew he had it bad, but it felt great to have that one person in life that you really care about. He would rather spend the day with Steve than go to his bachelor party that evening.

"Save some for the rest of us." Mike scoffed as he ate some eggs, Jane happily started her third waffle. Now normally Steve would roll his eyes at the comment, but recently his hormones have made him emotional.

"Shut up Mike, there is enough for everyone." Lucas spoke up as he glanced at Max. Steve pondered if Max told him, Billy let that cat of the bag but made her promise not to tell anyone.

"Not when they are both pigging out." Mike spat out before Dustin

yelled, "Hey, I am a growing boy!" Mrs. Harrington was about to calm everyone down before Mike snapped.

"Sure, and what is your excuse?" Mike directed toward Steve who could feel his eyes water. Max, clearly heated, then revealed the truth.

"He is pregnant you asshole!" She banged her hand against the table before realizing what she had done. Everyone was quiet, and all looked at Steve.

"You're pregnant and you didn't tell us?" Dustin shouted and with that Steve ran off to the restroom in tears. Billy swiftly followed after him, glad that Mrs. Harrington booked a private area for the party.

Steve ran into an empty stall, locking himself before crying into his hands. He couldn't breathe, it all felt suffocating and he just wanted to go home.

He wanted to go back to their apartment, back to their bed, and back to their life. He remembered the look on everyone's face, how Dustin looked especially disappointed in him.

Then there was a slight knocking outside his stall, he knew who it was and quickly allowed Billy into the cramped area. His fiancé didn't hesitate in wrapping his arms around him.

Steve leaned his head against his shoulder, inhaling the scent underneath the scent blockers. It reminded him of home, and it didn't take long before he calmed down.

Billy then cupped his face with his hands, wiping his tears away before kissing him. Steve held onto Billy, feeling a bit light headed after the kiss.

"Don't worry, I got you." Billy told him as they moved out of the bathroom, and returned to the table. Mrs. Harrington sipped her mimosa before speaking up.

"It's alright, I explained to them what happened. From what your father did to why we planned the wedding so soon." She sighed and Steve noted the emphatic looks on everyone.

"Guys, could you stop looking at me like that? I am still the same person, so I don't know why you are making it such a big deal." Steve tried to play it off, but Nancy stopped him.

"Steve, what your father did was wrong. We all know that and you know that. It's a big deal, but it is also your decision. So whatever you chose to do we are right behind you." Nancy gripped Jonathan's hand.

"Yeah, plus I can't wait to be an Uncle. I am gonna teach the little guy how to play all of the arcade games and take him out to get ice cream." Dustin started to plan before the rest of the gang started to argue over what to teach the future kid.

Steve sat down and realized that even though things were changing, the friends he made will always be there for him. Joyce smiled at him, and with a glance she told him that she was proud of him.

After the brunch was over the groups went their separate ways, and Steve knew his day wasn't over with the treatments his mother scheduled.

The facials, manicures, and massages seemed endless at the time. Even though everyone else was having fun, Steve really wanted to the day to be over.

Yet he had to admit the end result was pretty decent and he even got a quick trim to ensure he was ready for the wedding. The sun barely started to set once Steve made it to his hotel room.

He was about to get ready for an early night in before someone knocked at his door. Steve groaned to himself before opening the door to both Nancy and Joyce.

"Steve, are you ready?" Nancy asked as they both walked into his room. Steve was confused, "Ready for what?"

"Nancy thought it would be a good idea for you to have your own party." Joyce shyly explained, and Steve wished he never opened his door.

"What? No way, not going to happen." Steve shook his head, he was

pregnant so what was the point in having one. He couldn't drink and that was the main aspect of having one of these parties.

"Oh come on! Live a little before your big day. Plus we are going to this hot new club I heard a lot about." Nancy laughed, but noticed the concern look on Steve's face.

"Just for an hour, two at most. What could go wrong?" Nancy grinned. Steve rolled his eyes, "A lot could go wrong and you are the one to blame if it does."

And that is how Steve found himself in a night club, hating every minute of it. Nancy persuaded him with the promise of donuts later and Steve just couldn't say no.

Joyce got him a nice glass of water before the real issue occurred, Steve should of seen this coming. There was a stage in the middle of the club, of course it was for stripping.

There were a cocktail of different types of people, and Steve knew that was why Nancy chose this type of place. Normally the shows were not mixed with omegas and alphas, yet this one was.

Nancy came back to the table, looking happy as she sipped her drink. She was already buzzed, and Joyce shrugged as she sipped her beer.

People were dancing in cages near the stage and a soon enough the show started. It was of course an alpha male wearing a skin tight police costume. Steve scoffed at the cheering crowds, people shoving money into his shorts.

"We have a bride to be in the crowd tonight, let's have Chief Hotpants inspect the suspect!" The disc jockey announced for everyone. Then the spotlight zeroed in on Steve, and it went downhill from there.

"I told them you were a bride to be." Nancy giggled to herself as Chief Hotpants walked to their table. "You have the right to remain silent and sexy." The stripper pulled out fuzzy pink handcuffs.

"I am good, no thank you." Steve shook his head, but then Nancy pushed him towards the stripper. Steve wasn't the best with peer pressure and sure enough he had a seat on the stage.

Apparently, Chief Hotpants had a partner named Detective Sexy and both of them were doing a good cop bad cop sort of thing. Detective Sexy smelled like a beta, but the aggressive way he was dancing made Steve question that.

Chief Hotpants was being good cop, pulling Detective Sexy off in order to dance for Steve. Except the moment he got a whiff of Steve then he was equally vigorous, even shoving Detective Sexy to grind onto Steve himself.

"I bet you taste as good as you look." Chief Hotpants whispered as Steve realized he didn't apply scent blockers before going there.

Steve was glad the handcuffs were extremely cheap, breaking it with little effort to shove the alpha off. Chief Hotpants grabbed Steve's wrist, but then all of a sudden the alpha was sucker punched.

Standing there on the stage was Billy, looking anger to say the least. Chief Hotpants was ready to fight, but luckily Detective Sexy grabbed him. Forcing the alpha to return to the back of the stage and leaving Steve with Billy.

Billy growled as he pulled Steve close to him, walking off of the stage and out of the club. Nearly hissing at anyone who looked at them in the wrong way.

Finally outside Billy spoke up, "What are you doing here?" He trapped Steve between himself and the brick wall, hands gripping Steve's waist.

"I have no idea, Nancy wanted me to go out and that's how we ended up here." Steve explained, shivering when he felt Billy breath against his ear.

"We are going back right now." Billy snarled as he grabbed Steve's arm, hailing a cab with the other. Once inside, he doesn't let go of Steve. Holding him close, but still he was clearly angry.

Steve couldn't deny he was a little wet, he doesn't get to see Billy fight that often. Billy who had strands of hair falling in front of his face, and this look in his eyes.

"Billy, can we please have sex tonight." Steve whispered, only a little bit ashamed of asking. Billy smirked, gently gripping his thighs.

"We'll see." Billy kissed his neck, nipping the skin between his teeth. Steve did his best to hold in his moans, eventually they made it back to the hotel.

"So, is that a yes or no?" Steve asked as they stood in front of his room, still nervous about his mother finding out. He wasn't the best at staying quiet during sex, but it excited him to try.

Billy gave Steve a deep and passionate kiss, groping his ass before answering him. "No, we wouldn't want to spoil tomorrow night." And with that Billy left with a cheeky smirk.

Steve groaned to himself and entered his hotel room. Flopping onto the bed, he wondered how rough sex with Billy would be like.

Normally, the sex they had were gentle and the most rough Billy got was during his heat. Yet Steve craved the feeling of those careful hands turning assertive.

He could see Billy angrily grabbing at Steve's hips, shoving him onto the bed before kissing him as if Steve was going to disappear. Steve would probably prep himself before all of this to have Billy be able to just pull down his pants and penetrate him.

Driving into Steve as fast as he can, and all Steve could do is hold onto Billy. Billy wouldn't even touch his cock, it would be trapped between them. The only way Steve could cum is by Billy's cock and nothing else.

God, Steve really wished they were having sex right then and there. Instead he decided to take a shower and go to bed.

Steve knew he had to masturbate or else he would feel on the edge tomorrow and once the shower started he wasted no time in touching himself.

He gripped his erection, gasping a bit as he teased himself. Yet he knew he was impatient and so he started to pump himself. Twisting his wrist as he went up and down, brushing his fingertips against the

head.

Still, it wasn't enough even when he started to use his thumb to circle around his slit. He knew he was already wet, so he thrust one finger into himself.

Feeling a bit adventurous he decided quickly to see how roughly he could stretch himself with two fingers. He recalled the daydream he had of how rough Billy could be and sure enough he came with record time.

After washing up Steve pondered on the presents Billy gifted him, he opened another one to find earrings to match the tiara. Then there were lipsticks, various toys, and even some lingerie.

Steve put them away in his bag, he wouldn't want anyone to find them and with that he went to bed. Looking forward to finally going home with Billy, married and happy.

He woke up early the next day, even before his mother gave him the wake up call. They planned to take photos in the morning, and Mrs. Harrington apparently just had to have a well-known hairstylist style his hair.

Yet he was glad he had the stylist, because he also made sure everyone else's hair were perfect. Then came in the makeup and Steve only allowed a bit of gloss on his lips.

After about two hours everyone was ready for their photos, they had to cut through the venue before reaching the garden. Mrs. Harrington smiled to herself that everything was set up already.

It was a nice day, there were a few clouds in the sky, and they quickly stood for the wedding party to have their pictures taken. For a good thirty minutes they had to make sure the gang weren't making funny face.

Steve personally stuck out his tongue in one, but no one was going to lecture him on his big day. Plus Steve couldn't pay attention at all with Billy dressed in his black tux. He smiled at how uncomfortable Billy was with the buttons all the way up.

The pictures turned out great and soon enough the guests were arriving, Steve made sure to keep himself hidden from the guests. Most of them were high socialites that Billy had to invite or else they would hold grudges.

Then the time came and the ceremony started, Billy remained at the altar while the wedding group started to walk. Mrs. Harrington made sure she knew where everyone was, but forgot about one person.

"Your father is suppose to walk you down the altar!" She groaned when he noticed he was nowhere to be found. He didn't even told anyone where he was going.

"Fine, then I'll go myself." Steve huffed before looking at his mother's face. She looked distraught over it, ceremonies and tradition were always important to his mother. The fact that his father would hurt her like this made Steve's blood boil.

"How about I walk you down, Kiddo?" Hopper asked and not knowing what else to do, Hopper became a stand in for his father.

The funny thing was that Steve always saw Hopper as a father figure, he always seemed to know what to do. In this moment Steve felt glad that he had him giving Steve away instead of his father.

Mrs. Harrington walked aside them and as they took their spots the ceremony officially started. Steve could feel the alphas in the group stare at him, some clearly shocked he was marrying Billy.

Steve looked at Billy when it came time for vows, Steve went first.

"Billy, I promise to be there for you even though you are sort of an asshole at times," Steve started and some older generations gasped at the obscenity. Steve glanced to see Billy smiling and so he continued.

"But I know that deep inside you have an honest heart. You care for me unlike anyone I have ever met before and I am glad that I met you." Steve hoped that this was long enough for vows.

Billy grinned as he started, "Steve Harrington, I promise to love you always and to never hurt you. I love the way you kindheartedly look after those who are closest to you,"

Steve noticed the tears in his eyes, "I will cut this short and hope you understand I am not the best at expressing my feelings through words even though I am in love with you. Only you."

Steve made Dustin ring bearer and they both place the solid gold wedding bands on each other. Steve wished this could be over already and they can enjoy each other's company in peace.

Then there are a few words from the ordained minister before he asked if anyone objects to the marriage. Then all of a sudden the doors to the ceremony room opened and Karen is there.

"I object because I love you Billy!" Karen announced wearing white to Steve's wedding. She comes running towards the alter while everyone else watched in confusion.

"Karen, get out of here!" Steve frowned then Karen tried to slap Steve. "You did this! We were supposed to be in love, but then you came in and ruined it." Karen yelled.

"I would never fall for you, because you are selfish and self-entitled bitch. Now leave before I call the police, this is a private event." Billy growled out and sure enough security came to take her away.

"Well, since that is over I now pronounce you husband and husband. You may now kiss." And with that they are legally married. Billy dipped Steve before kissing him, grinning at their status.

Instead of having a cocktail hour, Mrs. Harrington made sure everyone sits down for dinner and then have their drinks. She knew that some people can't hold their liquor for the life of them.

While waiting for dinner to be served the toast started and Steve couldn't help himself from tearing up from each and everyone. Most of them aren't funny, except Dustin who knew exactly how to make Steve chuckle.

Steve decided to have crab as one of the main dishes and even though he can't really stomach it right now, he is glad Billy can see why he chose it.

The first dance between them is the song "Take my breath away" and

Steve can't believe how well Billy could dance. It is sappy how they can't take their eyes off of each other.

The gang basically wrecked the dessert table while most of the adults start to dance, the music is what both Steve and Billy can dance to. Some songs are more of what Steve loved, but Billy can dance to almost anything.

Finally the night ends with the cake cutting, the cake is a plain vanilla cake. Even though Steve has a sweet tooth for some reason he can't stomach any cake other than regular vanilla.

No one is complaining, especially after Dustin filled his pockets to the brim with chocolates. Steve and Billy first gently feed each other cake, but swiftly shove the pieces into each other face.

Most of the stuffy guests are gone, leaving after witnessing them cutting the cake. The few who are there are having fun on the dance floor and not paying much attention to them anymore.

Dustin made the mistake of laughing while standing too close and sure enough Steve got back at him. It soon becomes a cake smashing contest and everyone leaves with some frosting in their hair.

Steve gave each and everyone from his wedding party a hug before they left. They had to go back to Hawkins and Steve knew he had to go back home to the apartment.

He embraced Dustin last and even though he won't admit it, he was crying a little to watch him leave. He made sure Dustin promised to write him once in a while and keep it.

Billy wrapped his arms around Steve as they head back to the hotel, they were going to stay at the honeymoon suite. Their things were already in the room and Billy wanted to carry Steve into the room.

It took a couple of tries to open the door, but eventually Billy was able to do so with Steve in his arms. He laid Steve down on the bed, kissing him before he pulled something out of his pocket.

"Now, I know we said we were going back to the apartment tomorrow, but how about we do this instead?" Billy had airplane

tickets in his hands.

Steve snatched it from his hands, "Paris? Wow, Billy you know how to treat someone." Steve smiled as he read the destination. Billy kissed his neck, "I know how to treat someone special." Billy replied before climbing into bed.

Steve knew he made the right choice with Billy, and he looked forward to the future they had together. Who would of thought that Billy Hargrove was the only one for him?

9. Promises.

Summary for the Chapter:

Last chapter! Honeymoon sex and a quick trip to Paris. Thank you so much for reading my story, and I hope to start Part 2 soon. Please don't forget to comment if you like this and I look forward to write more about their future!

The honeymoon suite was definitely something to remember, with the rose petal covered bed to the heart-shaped jacuzzi. However, Steve and Billy only paid attention to each other.

"Fucking gorgeous, you know that right?" Billy nuzzled his face into Steve's neck. Planting kisses as he worked on removing his tie, tugging until it completely came off.

"You aren't too bad yourself." Steve mumbled as he held onto his husband. He didn't care how needy he sounded when Billy nibbled at a particular sensitive area on his neck.

"This past week felt like Hell, I just wanted to touch you like this." Billy confessed as he stared into Steve's eyes, pupils dilated so much that he couldn't see the sky blue part of his eyes.

"I feel the same way, especially after you sent me those gifts," Steve pointed to the dresser where the presents were stacked. Yet, there was a box or two missing from the bunch.

"Quite a variety of colors you picked for me. Guess which one I am wearing." Steve whispered into Billy's ear, grinning to himself as his husband loudly groan.

"Jesus, you are going to be the death of me." Billy sighed as he eagerly tried to unbutton his shirt. Steve playfully slapped his hand away, standing up and taking a few steps back.

"I said guess, but since you are my husband now I don't think it is that important." Steve slipped out of his clothes, each article of

clothing was used to tease Billy as he threw it onto the bed.

He pulled down his pants to reveal white stocking with matching garters hinted as he finally started to unbutton his shirt.

The sheer white slip didn't leave anything to the imagination, the panties he wore certainly didn't hide anything from Billy. He was planning to wear a corset, but decided to wear it after the baby.

"What do you think?" Steve gave him a twirl, the fabric felt nice against his skin. However, being hard while wearing it made him almost begging for release.

"I think you better get over here before I tear it off of you." Billy growled as he pulled off his own clothing. He didn't waste any time and before Steve knew it his husband was completely naked.

"Maybe I want you to." Steve told him as he straddled his lap, feeling a little light headed from the pheromones Billy let out.

The moment he uttered those words out, Billy dragged him for a kiss. He used his tongue to dominate Steve into impatient submission.

Steve could feel his panties getting wet and moaned when Billy cupped his cock through the silk. Billy continued to kiss him through the moans and occasional mewling noise as he stroked Steve.

Eventually, they broke the kiss once Billy slide his hand underneath Steve. Finding fresh slick on his fingers and slipping the digits into his own mouth.

"Fuck, lay on the bed I want to taste you." Billy ordered as Steve clumsily moved out of his lap. He was too horny to feel any real embarrassment as he laid on his back with his legs parted for Billy.

Billy wasted no time in lapping at his contained cock, smirking to himself as Steve begged for more. Steve nearly tore off his own panties, but Billy firmly held his hand down as he continued to tease.

He focused on sucking the base of the cock, sliding his tongue up, but never reaching the tip before he went back down. He knew it was driving Steve crazy, but that was the whole point.

"Fuck me already, please!" Steve sobbed as Billy finally sucked on the leaking head of his cock that barely peeked out of his panties. It was too much for Steve and he instantly climaxed onto his tongue.

"I am not done messing with you yet." Billy huskily replied as Steve came back down from his orgasm. Billy pulled Steve's hip up and placed his legs over his shoulder as he breathe in his smell.

"Love how wet you get for me." Billy mumbled to himself as he lapped up the slick that saturated his panties. Steve was howling in pleasure when Billy dragged the panties to the side and made direct contact with his rim.

He slipped a finger in, gulping down every ounce of slick that poured out of him. He shivered as he recalled the last time he fucked Steve, how tight he felt around him.

"Put it in already." Steve whined as he tugged Billy's hair, forcing him to look up at his husband.

Billy saw the blush that peppered throughout Steve's body. He licked his lips as he noticed Steve's cock was throbbing underneath the underwear and how tousled his hair was. God, he loved him.

He bite his lips as he finally tore the panties off of Steve, feeling relieved to hear the tear fill the air alongside their heavy breathing.

"No." Billy panted as he added another finger and thrust it in and out of Steve. Sliding his tongue against his balls, and reveling in the broken groaned that Steve gave him.

"Fucking fuck me already, please!" Steve gripped his own hair, foreplay was never this long before. It felt like absolute torture to have Billy this close to him without having inside of him.

"I got you, sweetheart." Billy gave that shit-eating grin that made Steve want to punch him as he finally slide the digits out. He swallowed the remaining slick on his fingers before he got situated between his legs.

"Just fuck me, I asked you like eight time already!" Steve grumbled just before he finally felt the burn that made his leg tremble.

He naturally wrapped his legs around Billy's waist, yanking his hair in order to kiss him. He gave a sigh of relief once Billy was all the way in him, but it quickly turned into a moan when he started to move.

"Perfect, fucking perfect." Billy whispered into his ear as he drove in and out of Steve. Feeling his slick slide down both of their thighs, and the skin-on-skin contact made him push harder.

"Mine, all mine." Steve moved his hips up to meet up with Billy's thrust. He loved being this way with Billy, having someone who could hold him like this as they made love.

"You are mine also, Steve." Billy confessed as he slide his hands down to tug at Steve's cock. Hissing to himself as he felt the tight heat somehow get tighter.

"Good, fucking good." Steve cried out as he reach his second climax, feeling his whole body give out as he shoots out his cum. Billy continued to fuck him, nibbling at his neck until he finished inside of Steve.

Steve almost forgot how it felt to be this full, and to have the dull ache as Billy pulled out of him. They cuddled until eventually Steve started to pout about how gross he felt.

Sex was great and all, but he really wanted to cuddle and fall asleep while squeaky clean. Billy gently as he can removed the rest of the lingerie, throwing it onto the floor before getting out of the bed.

Steve watched him step into the restroom, ogling his ass before he heard the sounds of water pouring out of the spout. Steve smiled at Billy as he carried Steve into the heart-shaped tub.

"God, I love you." Steve mumbled as the subs brushed against his skin. Billy kissed him, "I love you too."

The warm water felt heavenly as Steve laid in the bath with Billy, leaning against his partner's chest. Billy took a soft rag and started to clean Steve, rubbing small circles into his skin.

He reached his cock, wrapping the hand towel around his length

before stroking him. It doesn't take much to get Steve hard, especially when Billy started to twist his wrist and tighten his grip as he slid down.

Steve moaned loudly as he felt Billy's finger tease his abused hole, he could feel himself throb as his fingers slipped in and out. He started to rub himself against Billy's cock, reveling in the groan his husband let out.

"Come on." Steve spoke up first as he kneel over the bathtub, inviting Billy to fuck him all over again. Steve hoped the tickets were for in the evening, because they had a lot to do before then.

For the most part Steve slept through the flight, the painkillers helped him sit long enough for them to reach Paris. Plus the luxurious seats in first class were definitely what he needed after last night.

The left pretty late in the evening and by the time they made it to Paris, it was already noon. Steve held onto Billy's hand as they grabbed their luggage and found their driver.

"So, what did you have in mind?" Steve asked as they slipped into the expensive car.

"You'll see, but are you hungry?" Billy asked and sure enough they went to a fancy french restaurant. Steve had no idea how the currency worked there, but he knew Billy could pay for it .

The rest of the afternoon was filled with tours to famous sites such as Versailles and a few art museums. Their day came to an end and the next day Billy promised him shopping and a trip the the beach.

The shops were okay, Steve honestly didn't want anything as they checked out the most popular stores. Still, Billy bought him some Prada when Steve couldn't decide what to buy.

Then they had to take a two hour car ride to the nearest beach, and Steve pondered on what other surprises Billy had for him. Steve rolled down the window to feel the air against his heated skin.

"Does this remind you of California?" Steve pondered as he rolled the

window back up, Billy laughed.

"No, it doesn't. For one it is not as hot as California," Billy started and the rest of the ride was filled with Billy talking about his memories of said state.

Steve wore his swimsuit under his clothes, but Billy was the type to wear suits even on holidays so he had to find a place to change.

Steve didn't mind at all, he needed to set up an area for the both of them. He placed a towel onto the beach to relax before he slipped his shorts off.

He wore his favorite swim trunk that were stripped and sort of reminded him of his regular briefs. He tugged his shirt off and before he laid down on the towel an alpha or two were hovering around him.

"Can I help you?" Steve knew some french, his parents had taken him to France before. Still, he was sort of rusty.

"You are beautiful, are you alone?" One of the more confident alphas basically told him. Steve knew he still smelled of Billy, plus his mark was showcase to all.

"No, I am not." Steve swiftly replied as he sat back down on the towel, wondering where Billy was.

"Where is your alpha?" Another one asked as Steve tried to ignore them. He spotted Billy wearing an impressive speedo a few feet away, but then a group of giggling girls stopped him.

Steve couldn't stop the frown on his face, and for some reason or another an alpha saw it as a sign to touch him.

"Is that your alpha? Messing around?" The first one told as Steve tugged himself out of his grip. Steve hated how loud the girls were laughing with Billy.

"Fuck off!" Steve hissed as he stood up and luckily that was loud enough for Billy to finally hear him. Billy basically shoved a girl away as he raced over to where Steve was.

"What is going on here?" Billy said in perfect french. He wrapped his arm around Steve and held him close as a small growl escaped his throat.

"They were asking me if I had an alpha." Steve told him and with one glare all the alphas left Steve alone.

"Jesus, that is annoying." Billy mumbled to himself as Steve laughed.

"Whatever, let's just have fun today." Steve shrugged and the rest of the day they did. Steve splashed in the water and Billy even got the both of them ice cream.

Steve's favorite part was when he asked Billy to rub sunscreen into his skin. Steve sneered at the omegas who were still eyeing Billy, while Billy scowled at the previous alphas for flirting with his husband.

Their trip was almost done, but not before they had their final dinner in view of the Eiffel Tower.

There were candles that lit up the area and fresh roses that adorn the centerpiece. It was breath taking to say the least as they sat together to eat.

"You know, we haven't thought much about baby names." Steve yawned after their dessert of creme brulee. He pondered on a couple of names, but hasn't asked Billy about it yet.

"That's true. How about Michael if it is a boy or Michelle if it is a girl?" Billy started before Steve made a face.

"Yeah, that's a no. Mainly because I know a Dustin will never let me live it down if our baby has a name too close to anyone in the group." Steve laughed as he recalled how much Dustin wanted it to be named after him.

"Okay, how about Noah or Ethan? Gwen or Elizabeth?" Billy fired and instantly Steve shook his head.

"No, that sounds too biblical for me. Plus Elizabeth is such an old fashion name." Steve then pondered aloud.

"How about Oliver? Or Olivia?" Steve liked the kid's movie that came out in November, but he wasn't going to tell Billy that.

"Like Oliver Twist?" Billy smiled as he recalled his mother reading him the book when he was younger.

"Do you like it?" Steve hesitantly asked, the name was growing on him.

"Sounds perfect." Billy replied as he swooped in for a kiss. Steve grinned to himself as he rubbed his stomach, he couldn't wait for his baby to be born.

By the time they finally made it back to the apartment Steve was seriously tired and instantly fell asleep once he laid in their bed. Billy on the other hand had to make sure he had everything for tomorrow.

Billy prepared his things since he was going back to work and decided to listen to any messages on their machine as he set up the coffee machine.

The first couple of messages were business member congratulating him about his recent wedding, and then there was Dustin.

"Hello? Okay just between me and you if you ever and I mean ever make Steve cry you are going to have to me to answer to!" Dustin first message yelled and Billy pondered when this was recorded.

Then the next message came, "Billy! The last message was wrong, you will have to fight the gang then me if you hurt Steve."

Billy laughed and shook his head as he heard the rest of the messages, filled with threats and promises of making his life a Hell if he hurt Steve in anyway.

Billy made a mental note to have Steve hear the messages tomorrow, and to possibly make a reply for the little nerd. It was weird that he was slowly starting to warm up to Dustin.

With that Billy crawled into bed, snuggling against Steve. He planted a kiss on his cheek and he promised to always be there for him. They

belong to each other now.

Author's Note:

Yeah, I have other Harringrove stories but this idea popped in my head one day. Hopefully you enjoyed it, and please comment about it. Every kudos is appreciated and really helps me write more. Also listening to Dolly Parton's "9 to 5" really made this piece fun to write. I am surprised I didn't write smut in the first chapter, but don't get me wrong there will be smut in upcoming chapters. Thank you for taking the time to read this!